LION HUNTING;

OR,

A SUMMER'S RAMBLE

THROUGH PARTS OF

2673

FLANDERS, GERMANY, AND SWITZERLAND,

IN 1825,

WITH SOME

REMARKS ON MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS,
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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PREFACE.

The following sheets contain no more than what the title page professes; perhaps much less. The tourist, who only remains a short time at one town or place, is necessarily limited in his observation. He has little time to gather accurate information, to acquire what is new, or to explain what is interesting; and, that part of the continent to which these pages principally refer, has been so often traversed, and so often described, that the writer has not thought it necessary to detail minutely what is already known, to estimate particularly the resources of the countries through which he passed, to examine the state of trade, or to appreciate fully the habits and character of society. This, his want of opportunity prevented him from attempting, and, perhaps that admission, coupled with the consideration, that such subjects have already been often and ably treated, ought to have prevented him from submitting his observations to the public. Yet, the peculiar situation

of the continent at the present moment, the state of its public opinion, the disposition of its rulers, and the condition of its people, are all interesting to a British reader. What, on these topics, attracted the writer's notice, has been put down. The subjects are allowed to be interesting in themselves; that alone furnishes his justification. If his statements be inaccurate, and his remarks superficial, he will be justly censured. If he occasionally inform, or sometimes amuse, he will be at least excused.

LION HUNTING, &c.

THE season invited—the weather was propitious. We therefore took advantage of the favourable opportunity, and embarked for London. The second morning brought us to the Thames. We landed, passed through many a street, and reached our destination.

I had beheld all this before—the endless streets—the substantial opulence—the crowded population of the mighty metropolis of our country. It was now an ordinary enough scene. Formerly all was new—life glittered—novelty charmed. My companions now felt what I then experienced—new scenes—a vast city—boundless opulence—surprised and delighted. We proceeded to the Park. The ring was occupied by carriages and equestrians—the fashion of the land lounging, gazing,

laughing, yawning, and prating! This is as it used to be, and was a century ago. We returned home by the Green Park, St. James's. The grounds are well laid out—the trees beautifully grouped, the avenues spacious. They were well frequented at the present moment; walkers and riders mingling together in the crowded scene.

I noticed that a considerable proportion of the equestrians were ladies. Some years ago, a lady on horseback was rarely seen in the capital, or in its vicinity. I heard the practice condemned as masculine and unbecoming; but even although that great master of propriety, and censor of manners, the Spectator, has amusingly ridiculed and satirized the fair's assumption of the privilege of cavaliers, I cannot but think this active exercise most conducive to the health of those whose evenings are consumed in the close atmosphere of a drawing-room, or in the more tainted temperature of the Italian opera. If, besides, the pleasures of a morning's ride qualify or alter the tast for the restless dissipation of the evening, it produces more beneficial results than that of merel bracing the nerves, or tincturing the features wit the bloom of health. Fashions in a free countr are generally capricious. The selfishness of ma moulds itself into the institutions of a despoti one. Thus women are totally secluded in easter countries, and vigilantly watched in the states c southern Europe. Virtue and opinion alone co

strain with us; and though, among the higher ranks, there may be some melancholy examples of a disregard to the influence of either, they, upon the whole, accomplish the object of preserving the purity of the female character, without the aid of bolts, or the control of Duennas.

Saw the guard changed at St. James's—more like a Scotch factory than an English palace—walked to Westminster—looked at the lobbies of the House of Lords, and would have inspected the House, but could not gain admission. The labour of showing the *lions* is tolerably subdivided in this metropolis, and here, in particular, the various modes of extortion are most ingeniously cut down. One person took us to the door of the House of Lords—another showed us the lobby—a third showed us through a parcel of Committee-rooms—left us at the entrance of the House—but a fourth never appeared to give us admission—we got impatient—wandered through the mazes of the Lords' corridors, and sneaked out of the *House*, or rather the *premises*, at a private door, which we opened at random.

We walked into the Court of King's Bench—heard Brougham speak with his usual talent, simplicity, and sarcasm. The case was a trifling one of assault, in which, I think, he had the wrong side, but made the most of it. Trifling as it was, his treatment of it disclosed some of the peculiarities of his powerful mind. In his examination

of evidence, a sagacious estimate of the truth, and an unerring and searching scrutiny into the mind of the reluctant witness, which no subterfuge could evade, or falsehood conceal. In his address to the jury, a nervous simplicity of expression—a rapid conception of thought—an ingenious application of evidence to the interest of his client. Chief-Justice Abbot presided—a handsome old judge, with a pale complexion, and benevolent expression. His manner was gentle, dignified, and grave—his mode of summing up the evidence sententious, discriminating, and brief. Thus impartiality of decision, and dispatch of business, are alike secured.

Next day, being Sunday, we proceeded to Whitehall. Sentries guarded the entrance to the chapel, and an officer of the Guards, in attendance, received tickets from those who had previously secured the privilege of admission. This may be a necessary precaution to obviate the inconvenience of a crowded church; but it appeared, to strangers, but cold and inhospitable treatment, when they wished to participate in the discharge of the sacred duties of the day.—So it was that we retreated, and proceeded to Westminster Abbey. Many have seen, and all have heard of this majestic pile. We followed the crowd towards that part of it appropriated to Divine service. Idleness and curiosity evidently attracted most of its visitors. They passed along its aisles—

gazing at its arches, or pausing at the monuments erected to the memory of departed genius and worth. We pushed into the chapel, and heard a dry, feeble, and verbose discourse from some cathedral canon. It neither pleased nor interested—was the thing of the instant—left no impression—and, of course, produced no effect. We returned home with no exalted ideas of the genius of episcopacy, nor strong feeling of the spiritual benefits of its canonical ministrations. In the afternoon we stumbled upon a handsome chapel, which had been opened the week before, in Regent Street. It was thinly attended. A few seemed to straggle in from curiosity—others to exercise the right of possession—and some, doubtless, from devotional feeling. I judged, of course, from appearances—often a fallacious measure; but here, I should think, tolerably correct, where the mind ought to be exclusively employed on one sole subject, undistracted by surrounding objects, and indifferent to external impressions. The preacher possessed neither talent nor devotion. The sermon was beneath the rhapsody of a school boy—it wanted its warmth, and had all its rant. The clergyman was a stranger. The public money might have been better bestowed than in building churches, if this were the first fruits of the pious parliamentary grant so appropriated.

Visited the British gallery this forenoon, and saw the best productions of many of our living artists. Upon the whole, they were admirable specimens of existing talent.

Went next day to Somerset House, where, amid masses of bad paintings, a few good disclosed themselves. Among the latter, the trial of Lord Russel is admirably conceived—the portraits exquisitely finished—and the expressions of deep interest and anxiety most happily thrown into the features of the different parties engaged in that iniquitous proceeding. The drapery and the dresses, however, appeared too gorgeous for the occasion, though they doubtless added to the general effect which the painting produced. We had previously looked at Miss Linwood's exhibition. Here, the finest paintings are most correctly imitated in needle-work. The freshness of colouring is softened in her silken hue—the most delicate and evanescent gradations of shade, blend into each other, and the most natural and correct similitude of form, attitude and action, grow out, from her accomplished hand, with all the simplicity of nature and nicety of art. The sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter froze with horror. The serene, resigned, and beauteous expression of Lady Jane Grey, awakened alike our pity and admiration; and the feeling of concentrated piety, of calm resignation, and divine compassion, beam-

ing with a placid and heavenly expression, from the features of the Saviour, evinced not only the accomplishments of art, but the traits and vigour of original genius.

Tired of sight-seeing, I bent my steps towards the House of Commons. The session was near its close, and I hardly expected to hear any of the first speakers; yet I hoped that something might occur to bring them forth—nor was I disappointed. Canning, Brougham, Huskisson, Abercromby, Lushington, and Hume—men whose names are daily echoed throughout the land, all shared in the discussions. One question, relating to the propriety of the Duke of Wellington's and Mr. Arbuthnot's conduct in their capacity of trustees for the distribution of the Deccan prize money, occupied the attention of the House, and excited the alternate censure and praise of contending speakers. It is needless to repeat who lauded or who condemned. A man may conscientiously become the adherent of one or other of the great parties which divide his country, according as he may have read its history, or understood its constitution; but daily observation lamentably shows, that, when once identified with either, he rarely can measure with fairness or impartiality the principles or conduct of his friends or opponents. I speak of those only who have no sinister object to serve. The rabble of venal politicians, though they swell the ranks of

party, are seldom, if ever, sincere in the ostensible opinions they maintain—interest, not principle, guides and dictates their political faith. From whatever cause then our political professions originate, few are to be found that can justly estimate the respective merits of contending opinions. Being a Whig, I, of course, thought the opposition in the right, as I would probably, in the event of my having been an adherent of the other party, have thought them in the wrong.

Thus, in the contentions of party, reason is seldom fairly exercised. The excitement of popular feeling, and the bias of habitual prepossession, unfix the judgment, and narrow the thoughts. Thus talent and dulness are often placed on a level; impartial discrimination seldom animating the one, and never enlightening the impervious stupidity of the other. It is vain, therefore, to talk of the merits of a political question, on which as it were, by a species of political intuition, all men had already formed their opinion. As an auditor, however, in the gallery of the House of Commons, I was more interested in the character of mind indicated, the style of eloquence and external manner displayed, and the personal appearance presented, by the different speakers.

Mr. Canning is a middle-sized man, squarely formed, having a full countenance, marked with care, if not furrowed with years. His forehead

is ample and prominent. His white locks are thinly strewed over the surface of his head, leaving the centre completely bald. His profile is finely marked, its lines having neither the waving curves of the Roman, nor the straight proportions of the Grecian style, but is softened between the two, into a perfect harmony of expression. He is a handsome man, but looks old. The cares and anxieties of a political life; the alternate success and failure of the system he first followed as an adherent, and then guided as a minister; his successive resignations and acceptance of office, indicative of a mind not sufficiently ductile, to bend to the caprices of the Court, nor sufficiently disposed at all times, doubtless from considerations of laudable ambition, to resist the temptations of power, or the attractive seductions of office;—all have wrought their effect, and marked with care, or stamped with the furrows of age, the lineaments of his visage. His manner is easy, graceful, and unaffected; and his expressions flow from him neatly and smoothly, being perfectly adapted to the ideas conceived, or to the trivial or important nature of the subject discussed. If reason cannot be plausibly employed, instead of descending to sophistry, ridicule is unerringly used, to turn the edge of his adversary's argument, and to blunt its effect upon the minds of his hearers. This weapon he skilfully employed, in answer to some of the shrewd remarks and sagacious in-

ferences of his opponent Brougham. Though this mode of treating an adversary, seldom fails to produce its effect on a popular assembly, where it alike amuses the able and animates the dull, I question much the prudence or propriety of its frequent exercise, in a place where a man speaks more to the country, than to his auditors. A joke may amuse for the moment, within the sphere of its expression; the weak and the venal may quote it as an irrefragable proof of an opponent's error; but it will fail in convincing the community that its author or his party are in the right. Indeed, the habitual indulgence of this style of recrimination or attack, begets the suspicion that facts or argument become unavailable to the purpose of its witty employer. Mr. Canning's manner is measured, dignified, and impressive; becoming the grave character of a minister of the crown. If the theme require, he is lofty and empassioned. Upon this occasion, however, he was only elegant and calm.

I will say little of Brougham. He is seen every where, and known to all. His head is long and thin, his form spare and slender, his face pale, meagre, and attenuated, without much expression in a state of repose, but describing in the play of his faculties in debate, the corresponding sentiment uttered, or feeling conveyed. He is by turns argumentative, sarcastic, pathetic,

or *terrific*, as his theme requires. His manner in the House is infinitely more bland and measured than in the Court of King's Bench. That of the former may be the more natural, as he appears in his individual; while, in the latter, only in his professional character.—He is a wonderful man.

There appeared little singular or extraordinary in the other speakers, save that in one accustomed to the homely manners and uncouth expression, of our Scottish orators, there is a tone, as compared with them, of gentleness, of high breeding, and refined elegance, in the elocution and demeanour of all. Their English is more colloquial than ours. Scotch with us is yet the vernacular tongue. At least its idiom still pervades our ordinary discourse. Our English is got from books, and we speak it in public as a written language grammatically acquired. Thus a Scotchman, if he utter two sentences in public, makes a formal speech. Often, indeed, when he does so speak, it is an era in his life, as, from the nature of our institutions, we have no organ for the expression of public opinion. There, that expression is identified with the frame of ordinary society, often forms a part of its common business, as well as of its extraordinary acts. In general, men there speak because they have something to say, and not because they have to make a speech. Business, and not

oratory, is the end; and language, being the means, must, on ordinary occasions, be simply and briefly used. Our courts of justice have no doubt a practical enough object in view; but if any man will contrast the rapidity with which business is dispatched in the English courts, as compared with ours, he will allow, that a principal cause of the tediousness and delay here, is owing to the oratorical propensity of both the Bench and the Bar. If they had more to do, perhaps their harangues would be shortened.

The following morning attended the Westminster Sessions. Mr. Conant presided, assisted by five or six other magistrates. The former in effect exclusively regulated all the proceedings; and acted the part of what we would have denominated an assessor to the other magistrates. Cases of assault, and ordinary breaches of the peace, came under the cognizance of this jurisdiction; and the counsel in attendance were Messrs. Adolphus, Philips, Alley, and others. The cases were such as are tried in Scotland by a police or burgh magistrate; but the intervention of a jury here, in the trial and decision of such causes, gave an additional importance and interest to the proceedings.

The employment of counsel, and the verdict of a jury, secured impartiality, accuracy, and dispatch. Adolphus was sharp, discriminating, and tenacious. Philips, to my surprise, plain,

simple, and unaffected. Doubtless, any other mode of treating such cases would have appeared ridiculous. He can, as we all know, when his case admits, be imaginative, pathetic, and rhetorical. But cases of seduction in high life, and batteries in low, are somewhat different, and must be correspondingly treated. I believe in all cases this promising counsel strews his flowers more sparingly there, than he was used to do in the sister kingdom. Here, however, the knocking down of watchmen, the rows of bawds, and the picking of pockets, offered no scope for the excursions of the fancy, or the embellishments of rhetoric. The outskirts of this Court exhibited many a motley group of low life, anxious in expectation, or reckless of the future, as they respectively appeared novices in crime, or hardened in iniquity.

Visited also the British Society of Arts, a suite of spacious apartments, appropriated to the exhibition of the annual productions of painting and sculpture. Somerset House is likewise devoted to this purpose; but as the convenience of the Royal Academy only admits of its being open for a short period, the British Society has obviated the consequences of this inconvenience, by opening the new Rooms. We saw a few good, among many bad and indifferent paintings. A fair in the manner of Wilkie, two or three landscapes, and an occasional portrait, formed the exceptions

to the general rule. Haydon unfortunately finding historical and scriptural painting but a profitless speculation, has devoted his excellent talents to the painting of portraits. This, it appears to me, from the collossal style to which he had accustomed himself, is by far too narrow a boundary for the bold sweepings of his pencil, and totally quenches the fine conceptions of his genius. His lines here appear stiff and artificial, the features have little or no expression, because they want minute gradations of shade, and the forms, though they may resemble the originals from whom they are taken, want that distinctness of character, and faithfulness of design, which those of his historical paintings possess. This may proceed from our knowing what he would represent, in the latter, but not in the former, the fault not of the artist, but of the ignorant spectator. We saw, at least, a dozen of his pictures in this exhibition.

The paintings of the late Mr. Angerstein, having been lately purchased by government from the executors of that gentleman, are now exhibited in Pall Mall, and are intended to compose, with others that may be acquired, as opportunity offers, a national collection. These pictures form a select specimen of the productions of the first masters of the different schools. Public opinion, the fair measure of taste, has long since appreciated the merits of these works, and mark-

ed their relative value to each other. Were I, therefore, even qualified to estimate their comparative excellence, the task would be superfluous. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the liberal policy of government, in thus furnishing materials, by the study and examination of which, the public taste may be improved, and individual talent called forth and matured, is well deserving of general approbation. It is worthy of the character besides, of a great and free country, that excellence of every kind should receive its due encouragement, so that its appropriate recompence may be eventually secured. In the ordinary speculations, and in the common business of life, individual exertion can obtain for itself, independent of extrinsic aid, that reward to which it may be entitled. But in the fine arts, the rarity, the price, and exclusive appropriation of the first productions, bereave the student of the means of possessing, or of the opportunity of examining such works. The liberality and indulgence of individual proprietors, may, to a certain extent, obviate this disadvantage; but nothing can more effectually remove it, than the establishment of a national Institution, open under certain limitations to the public, and at all times to the student. This will do much to form the taste on the present models; but the cultivation of other studies is necessary to produce the accomplished artist. The object of art, is to give the tran-

script of life and action, to eminent men, and illustrious deeds. Its productions are excellent, in proportion to the accuracy and fidelity of such representations. The painter must not only be qualified to produce a successful imitation of nature; to give form and expression to exalted actions, ideas, and feelings, he must derive aid from the pen of the historian, the fancy of the poet, the precepts of the moralist, and even from the doctrines of the divine. These stimulate the conception and chasten the taste. Thus, original talent, combined with useful attainment, mould into form the creations of the brain, and bring once more upon the scene the deeds of the illustrious, the virtuous, and the brave. The productions of art, are by this means identified with the highest operations of intellect, and the remembrance of men and actions worthy of imitation and praise, are recorded in living lines, and alike impress the heart of successive generations. Thus is "the mirror held up to nature, virtue shown her own image," and the loftiest object of the fine arts attained.

Next evening, went to the Italian Opera. The house was crowded to excess. The heat and pressure would have proved intolerable, but for the mellow notes of Velluti, and the liquid strains of Signora Garcia. The boxes contained a large proportion of the rank, fashion, and beauty of the metropolis. I remarked, that the "great

captain of the age" took a lively interest in the quiverings of Velluti. Some years ago he had more serious matters to occupy his attention; the fate of battles and the destiny of nations then hung upon his decision: how little here upon his censure or applause! he expressed the latter, however, most vigorously. The Duke of W—— thus appeared reduced to the level of an ordinary man. The dancers in the ballet footed it gracefully and nimbly. Mon. Paul pirouetted sixteen times without a pause; but I thought that these gyrations, though they displayed wonderful dexterity and vigour, might have been omitted without any diminution of the gracefulness of the performance; one, however, is not the less astonished at the flexibility and strength shown by the exhibiter. This light-heeled gentleman too, described a curve in the air, cutting all the time, while he leapt four or five feet above the boards; it was a wonderful effort of vigour, suppleness, and grace. The audience appeared most attentive to the performance of the opera, but in the boxes they were generally indifferent to the ballet.

Next day, got my passport from the Dutch Ambassador. Went afterwards to view West's paintings; there are above one hundred and forty of them collected together. We were most occupied in viewing the noted pictures of "Christ rejected," and "Death on the Pale Horse." They are more conspicuous than the others from

their size; the one successfully embodied the perfection of suffering and the extravagance of rage; the other, the horror of distraction and the majesty of divine triumph. The character of West's genius is duly appreciated, and his works universally known; if they were not, I am disqualified from disserting on either. I merely speak of paintings as they strike an untaught mind,—as they resemble nature, or personify passion. There were some classic designs added to the scriptural pieces.

Next day, went to Richmond. The intervening drive is rich and luxuriant, but the country being flat, and thickly intersected with enclosures, it is somewhat tedious and uninteresting. The surrounding country is spread forth from the base of the hill like a garden, studded with wood, embellished with cultivated fields, and bounded in the distance by the rising grounds of Sussex, Surrey, and Berks, which, softening in their shade, blend their fading summits with the distant horizon. While at the inn, the Royal Banner waved upon the stream, a barge approached, the Duke of York and a large party landed, and dined in a room upon the banks of the river. Great folks, like small, must have their recreation; and in England, generally, from the prince to the peasant, a community of tastes makes eating and drinking a necessary element in almost all the social amusements with which we are familiar.

All others pall on repetition. Some how or other, the zest for this is never blunted. The Duke, like the other members of the royal family, is tolerably fat. He is an erect, good-looking man, apparently of easy and affable manners. His countenance is expressive of good nature and kindliness. He appears vigorous and active, though beyond the time of life when such qualities are frequently displayed. I naturally thought of the speech he had recently delivered in the House of Lords. Whether right or wrong in the opinion then given, its solemn promulgation was hardly an act of *absolute wisdom*, as it certainly is neither for the interest of the king in possession or prospect, to gain the approbation of one part of the community at the expense of losing the good will of the other. It was calculated too, to disturb the constitutional doctrine, of the king being irresponsible for the conduct of the government; because his Royal Highness has but too plainly alluded to the prospective policy he would deem it necessary to adopt, in the event of his accession to the throne. The declared opinion of the Duke of York becomes thus personally identified with the acts of the future sovereign.

Next day walked to Westminster Abbey—visited its majestic aisles, and various chapels. The monuments erected to the memory of the wise and of the brave, likewise shared a portion

of our notice. Many have merit in design, and taste in execution. Some are indifferently, and others miserably done; but all recalled the important events of the past, since all are more or less connected with the political history or literary character of former days. There the remembrance of political warfare and literary strife centre in the grave. There the remains of Chatham and of Mansfield,—of Pitt and of Fox,—of Castlereagh and Grattan, mingle their kindred dust together, as if it were to show that the vain differences of time gradually blend into the endless harmony of eternity.

Next morning we embarked at the Custom House Wharf for Ostend. Many passengers flocked on board, and at half-past nine we got under weigh, and through a forest of masts floated down the river. Our boat was a slow sailer—had insufficient accommodation for the number of those on board; but the wind being moderate, and the weather favourable, we were not much inclined to complain. After a passage of twenty-four hours we reached the entrance of Ostend harbour, but the tide having considerably ebbed, our vessel was unable to reach the quay. Rather than subject ourselves to six hours additional detention in the steam boat, we were compelled to submit to the exorbitant imposition of paying four francs each to reach the shore. These Flemish boatmen knew well that they had us in

their power; and were alike peremptory in their demand and in its exaction. They were uncouth looking fellows. Spoke a barbarous German dialect; but appeared to be capital boatmen. On reaching the shore, custom-house officers, or people in their employment, seized on that part of our luggage which accompanied us, conveyed it to the custom-house, where it was nominally inspected, and immediately afterwards sent after us to the "Lion d'or," the hotel to which we had been recommended. One instantly remarks, in walking through the streets of a Flemish town for the first time, the appearance of superior neatness and cleanliness which both the houses and the inhabitants present. After the deafening noise, continued bustle, and endless crowds of London, the stillness and repose of Ostend failed not to please. The houses are neatly fashioned, but are mostly composed of brick. The cement, however, is of a different colour from that of the brick, which it fortunately always preserves; and thus the walls of the houses do not universally present the same ugly brown-coloured shade which they do in London. In some of the better houses the stone frames of the windows were richly carved, which contrasted agreeably with the light square bricks in the walls.

The Lion d'or is situated in the "Grand Place." It is a comfortable hotel. Our party

were much amused with the Babel like confusion of tongues with which we were first assailed on entering. English, Flemish, or French, as convenience suited, or necessity required, were put in requisition; and all spoken with facility by the natives. We breakfasted and dressed. Our heavy baggage not having yet landed, I got a barber of the place, a fellow of some humour, to smooth away the chin growth of the preceding day. He had seen something of life; "had been a soldier in his youth;" but in these "piping times of peace" more appropriately wielded the basin and the razor than the cutlass and the bayonet. He told me that he had been a *pioneer*, and that his passion for shaving had originated in his long deprivation of that luxurious enjoyment*—that it was not exactly a new employment to him, as there was a considerable resemblance between cutting down *cheveux de frise* and *cheveux aux naturels*—that he might have cut a few throats by chance, but that he thought it both a more humane and agreeable occupation to assist gentlemen in clearing their faces of superfluous encumbrances. Thus the want of my razors became the source of some merriment.

We sat down at one P. M. in a handsome oblong hall to a comfortable dinner. It was by some hours considerably before our usual hour;

* None of the pioneers of the French army were allowed to shave.

but the appetite in travelling is very accommodating, and we did all justice to this first specimen of Flemish cookery. The company consisted of four or five officers of an infantry regiment —some French and Flemish travellers—a poor Piedmontese patriot officer, an exile from his country—one or two of our fellow passengers, besides a French lady and her husband. I sat next an intelligent Fleming, of affable manners, and a communicative disposition. He told me of the best inns—recommended the Table d'Hote in preference to a private dinner—discussed the relative nature of French and Dutch money, and certainly prepossessed a stranger in favour of Table d'Hotes, and the company there assembled.

Ostend is a small town; but a strong fortification. Towards the sea it is defended by two strong ramparts, which a broad and deep moat intersects; towards the land by a triple line of ramparts, with intervening moats. Since the termination of the late war, and the annexation of Belgium to Holland, the fortifications on the land side have been greatly strengthened. I was personally enabled to judge of this, from the circumstance of having passed through Ostend in 1816. Additional redoubts have been raised, and another broad ditch excavated. England, if I mistake not, has greatly contributed, as usual, to defray the expense of these improvements. The

monarchy of the Netherlands is doubtless the offspring of her policy. It was, therefore, both consistent with her pride and her supposed interest, that every precaution should be taken, and every measure adopted, to facilitate its consolidation, and to promote its security. Strengthening the fortresses, and increasing their number, will certainly augment the difficulties of invasion, and be less likely to render Flanders the future subject of European or rather French aggression, and the theatre of war; but whether such measures are calculated to secure the affections of the Flemings themselves, and so to complete the integrity of the New Kingdom, becomes a question of more difficult solution.

We walked round the ramparts in the evening, or rather, I should say, at 3 P. M. after having dined—saw many men bathing on the shore, whom I took for women, from their respect to decency, their bodies being partly covered with bathing clothes. In our boasted land of delicacy and decorum, the natives are not so punctilious. Many of the inhabitants promenaded the ramparts—the men in the ordinary costume of our country—the women in neat caps, but fringed with a superfluity of lace. The young women were all dressed in cotton gowns, which is here esteemed as a foreign luxury, and is thus fashionable. The old are generally dressed in white or coloured hoods,

cut off at the waist, from which are appended wide spreading silk petticoats of different colours.

Next morning we embarked on board the track-boat at 5 A. M. for Bruges. Met with a very agreeable party of Flemings, consisting of a gentleman and three ladies. They spoke no English, but were very entertaining. Their ignorance of our language perhaps enhanced the pleasure of their company, as it gratified our vanity to think that we could hear French and understand it; and, above all, make ourselves intelligible to our fellow passengers in the same language. A party of English were likewise on board; all agreeable, so we glided on our voyage merrily and gaily—gazing on the country—talking, laughing—and comfortably breakfasting. The country was uncommonly flat—intersected by many enclosures—was carefully cultivated, with the exception of an occasional marsh in the neighbourhood of the canal. It also abounded in trees mostly detached from each other, as in the demesnes of England. Rarely or never is any thing like plantations or copsewood to be seen, as with us in Scotland. The canal is somewhat broader than that of the Forth and Clyde.

We reached Bruges at a little after nine in the morning. It is still a considerable town, but, from all accounts, sadly reduced in extent and population since the days of the Hanseatic

League, of which it was a member. It seems now to have little trade. We saw an occasional weaver—the window of his little shop being thrown open—vigorously driving his shuttle as we passed along. Many groups of women were sitting in the streets, engaged in knitting lace. Bruges has a good many retail shops—a vegetable market place tolerably stocked—an empty town house—and some handsome churches. The town yet seems on the wane; but will in time, it is to be hoped, experience the advantages which are likely to flow from the liberal policy of the government. The heat was so oppressive that our party drove about the town in a calash. For myself, I preferred following on foot, as the rate of the vehicle's motion did not exceed that of an ordinary walk. In the church of Notre Dame we remarked a curiously carved pulpit—lofty aisles cleanly white-washed, which gave them a homely appearance—and many despicable pictures. We were told that the other church contained some fine paintings; but these we had not the taste or discrimination to discover. I admired the attitude, however, of a marble statue of our Saviour, which surmounted the altar.

In the evening we walked down the town to visit an English convent. The long narrow street that leads to it was strewed with groups of women busily occupied in making lace. We amused ourselves in observing the mode in which

this was done, and in attempting to converse with the knitters. They beguiled the time in singing lively French or Flemish airs, which, at a distance, in the calm of the evening, produced somewhat of a pleasing effect. They seemed artless good-natured creatures—merry in themselves—prompt and civil in their answers—disposed to oblige—and clean and decent in their deportment. These qualities they possessed in a superior degree to women of a similar rank in Scotland.

At the English convent we were received civilly by the porteress at its entrance—cautioned to be silent as we passed the corridor which led into the chapel, and were then introduced to it. Vespers had already commenced. The lay sisters were placed in a gallery above us, from whence they chaunted, in a dolorous and monotonous key, the requiem of the evening. One paced solemnly along to the organ, touched at intervals its keys, which, sounding alternately with the voices of the nuns, produced upon the whole a pleasing melody. The sweet and plaintive tones of one voice, softened in the distance, peculiarly pleased, and induced one's fancy to claim for its possessor some interesting devotee, whom stern necessity or willing devotion had immured within these gloomy walls. Be that as it may, I was not much captivated by the passing glimpses which I caught of an occasional nun, as they

passed along the front of the gallery into the recess where the organ was placed. Our conductress mechanically squatted herself upon her knees before the altar as she entered or retired —remained in that position while we staid in the chapel, and seemed, so far as genuflexions went, to be amazingly devout—so far as expression, to be estimating the capacity or inclination of her followers to substantially acknowledge her civility. The interior of the chapel is neat, but not imposing. The altar is composed of party-coloured marble, supported on columns, and surmounted by an elegantly carved cornice.

Next morning I mounted to the top of the spire of the Town Hall. It is the only mode of seeing Flanders—the country is so flat, and so interspersed with wood. The view was extensive, luxuriant, and charming. The hay harvest was nearly finished—the corn about to begin. The brown, the yellow, and the green intersected each other in a thousand points—blending in the distance to a similar hue. The whole was lightened by the morning sun, and varied by the many hamlets which studded the surrounding plain.

Embarked after breakfast for Ghent. The neighbourhood of Bruges is beautiful and varied. Its irregular outline, and its different spires, contrasting with the green and yellow fields, the tufted hedges, and the many trees, produce a rich and interesting effect. Anon all disappeared—

we were lost between the huge banks of the canal. Nothing save a merry swimmer, a passing boat, or a miserable hut, is seen till we arrive within three miles of Ghent. Then the landscape opened, and the fair city was disclosed. Villas adorned, and luxuriant fields enriched, the banks of the canal, till we gained our destination. The distance from Bruges to Ghent is about thirty miles. We passed the time pleasantly conversing with our English friends, with the Flemish crew, or with the other native passengers. We went these thirty miles, had an excellent dinner and a good bottle of wine for about five shillings per head.

Went to the "Lion d'or" at Ghent—found the accommodation good—the "Table d'Hote" abundant, and its guests lively and conversable. The weather, however, was still insufferably hot, the thermometer in the shade standing at 94° at seven P. M. The officers of a Hussar regiment, who messed at the inn, were smoking and carousing at small tables in different groups in the yard, stripped of their accoutrements, coats, and vests. Necessity and convenience often measure decorum, and though in some countries sitting without a coat would not only be deemed a breach of good manners, but a specimen of unpardonable rusticity; yet here these polished Hussars went to and fro among the ladies, their dowlass hanging in the wind, with the utmost unconcern. I,

slept with the windows thrown open, and the bed clothes off.

Next morning visited the cathedral. It contains one or two good paintings, and many admirable pieces of sculpture, executed by Flemish and Italian artists, having for their object the commemoration of the virtues, or perhaps rather the existence of the successive bishops who presided over the diocese of Ghent. The perfect accuracy with which the human form is fashioned—the richness of the drapery—the general beauty of the forms—mostly expressive of contemplative devotion—the grace and dignity of the attitudes—all indicate genius in design, and skill in execution. One of these monuments, otherwise perfect in itself, is disfigured by the introduction of a gilded representation of death—starting from repose, and ready to strike the pious and resigned bishop, who, in the attitude of assured hope and calm devotion, appears serenely to await his impending fate. This has evidently been a gothic, though a modern innovation. It has proved a ludicrous attempt to mould the idea of the artist into form; and, like most endeavours to personify allegories or abstractions, has necessarily failed. The interior of the choir is enriched by marble ornaments, devices, and statues: its walls by scriptural paintings in bass relief. The altar is magnificently fashioned. Corinthian columns, white as alabas-

ter, support large plates of black marble, on which other columns of white are reared, which are again surmounted by the black. These alternately graduating to the summit, produce somewhat of an incongruous effect; but blend harmoniously enough with the general character of this mighty pile. We likewise ran through the damp aisles of a subterraneous church, which we were told had been built A. D. 650. This was likely going rather too far back. We visited another church, where we remarked nothing peculiar. The town library is open to the public from seven A. M. till noon, and possesses many valuable works. The room is a large oblong figure, from which recesses, formed of white and black marble arches, diverge on either side; and in the interior of which the book cases are contained. The garden of plants is small. The temperature was still oppressive; and though the distances were not great from one place to another, we found it necessary to drive about in a carriage. As it was, motion became quite sickening, and we were glad at last to remain in the inn.

We had this day rather an amusing party at the "Table d'Hote." Among others, a young Frenchman from the south, a jolly Brabanter, and a calm Dutchman. The young Frenchman declaimed with the impetuosity of a southern, and with the natural interest of a merchant, upon the advantages derived to France and to Europe by

the restoration of the House of Bourbon. He vindicated the doctrine of the divine right of kings, because it appeared most compatible with his individual interest, and also threw, with becoming gallantry, the shield of his eloquence over the military character of the Duke d'Angouleme, which had been ludicrously and sarcastically assailed by our friend the Brabanter.

"Have you not," says the Frenchman, "all the blessings of peace, with the glories of conquest? Have you not a prince who likes war for glory, and peace for humanity? Has he not done what Napoleon could not accomplish, conquered Spain, and secured the peace of Europe? You Flemings have even derived benefits from his victorious march. The commerce of Spain has been opened to France, and through France to Belgium. And for religion"——

"Stick to this world, my friend," says the Brabanter. "I do not think that the Duke d'Angouleme has done much either for his own soul, or that of his army, in putting down the Spanish constitution, and putting up Ferdinand —if *he did it*, that is to say, and not your gold. It was a brave act forsooth to conquer traitors, and to oppose the cry of the cross to bigots. Napoleon certainly never did either. He only conquered men and soldiers. Monsieur le Duc had the advantage of him there. We Flemish, too, are indebted to the Duke! Our government is

mild, liberal, and pacific; but the ascendancy of the priesthood in Spain, and the increasing influence of the Jesuits in France, raise the crest too of our most righteous clergy, and enable them more fully and loudly to damn their heretical fellow-citizens, and openly to pray that at no distant day the abominations of toleration may have an end. In Napoleon's time, for such conduct, our most pious priests would have been marched to the ramparts of Antwerp, and there sweated into toleration; but now"——

The Frenchman, quivering with rage, attempted to say, that the priests were the necessary engines of legitimacy; that they were necessary because legitimacy was so; that commerce could not exist without the latter; and that, in consequence, priests they must have.

This was to me rather a curious and novel argument for the establishment of a regular clergy, not for the sake of religion, but for the benefit of commerce.

The Brabanter said it might be so, but that he knew that more money had been expended in Napoleon's time—he therefore supposed that more commodities had been put in circulation; that this in effect gave them more commerce; that then they were oppressed with fewer taxes, had more glory, and universal content.

They talked on at this rate for a considerable time, till at last the Frenchman clenched his

fists, started from his chair, and darted from the room.

In the evening we proceeded to the church of St. Michael, a handsome enough building, where we heard some beautiful instrumental and vocal music. The performance, however, was most barbarously disturbed during the course of its continuance, by masons erecting an altar in one of the recesses.

I asked our valet de place why they did not prevent so profane and noisy a violation of divine service?

"Oh," says he, "Sir, how can it be otherwise? The masons work by the piece, and, were they to stop during mass, the priests would have to make up the difference of lost time. It is better for them to bear with the noise, and keep the money!" This, I dare say, was nonsense; but is stated, as it is pretty indicative of the popular feeling in the towns towards the priesthood.

Next morning we obtained admission to the convent of the poor sisters of St. Clair. These poor nuns, like thousands of others of their secluded vocation, had been dispersed at the commencement of the French revolution. Since the annexation of the Netherlands to Holland, they had been permitted by the government to reoccupy their convent. The government, in this as in most of its other measures, seems to be regulated by the most enlightened principles of wisdom

and toleration. These poor sisters, at the period of their dispersion, consisted of an abbess and twenty-one nuns. Of these, only eleven survive. Though they have been permitted to return to their convent, they are interdicted from increasing their number. Thus they pass the remainder of their days in the exercises of their religion, in the practice of the observances of their order, and in the seclusion they habitually prefer. We were introduced by an old domestic into a little hall furnished with a plain wooden table, and a few oaken chairs. Over the fire place was suspended a wooden image of our Saviour on the cross, and two or three other wretched daubs hung from the walls. We next proceeded to the grate, to which was attached a green curtain, which concealed the poor sisters from our view. We were received with much verbal courtesy; but only occasionally caught a glimpse of their figures, as they peeped past the curtain to catch a glance at us. They conversed affably and gaily. I got a sight of two. They were old, pale, plain looking women, dressed in coarse gray woollen gowns, white handkerchiefs, and black hoods. A Flemish lady, who accompanied us, spoke a good deal to them. I ventured to pay my compliments—asked them if they were happy, living in an apparent state of wretchedness and privation? They said that they preferred their present mode of life to any thing the

world could purchase; that they had no care save that of their souls, and of those of the poor mortals by whom they were occasionally visited. I remarked, that the smallness of their apartments, the confinement of the curtain, and the warmth of their thick woollen dress at the present season of the year, must render them uncomfortable. One of them answered, "Oh no. You see, Sir, that we laugh and joke. We would not do so if we suffered. We have conquered all such notions of inconvenience, and only sometimes feel the want of hunger and thirst."

I was shocked at the latter portion of the remark, the truth of which was confirmed by the lady who conducted us. These poor women have no means of subsistence save what the humanity of the neighbourhood, or the charity of their visitors affords. If their wants be not regularly supplied they must starve, the rigid rules of their order enjoining constant confinement, and so depriving them of an opportunity of personally soliciting the assistance of their neighbours. They sometimes, however, ring a little bell, which is a hint to the neighbourhood that their means of living are exhausted; and it need scarcely be added, that such an intimation always produces the desired effect of supplying their immediate necessities. They presented us with some little toys which they themselves had fashioned, one of which represented a sister of the

order in her costume, and another a shepherdess and her flock. We thanked them kindly for their civility, presented them with a few francs, and took our leave. Their chapel is small; but the garden of the convent, where they take occasional exercise, is spacious.

Such are the nurseries of superstition, and such are its victims. It is melancholy to behold them. Still the spirit of the age, and the principles of government, appear to go hand in hand in facilitating their suppression. It is to be hoped, that the diffusion of knowledge, combined with a strict adherence to the principles of toleration, will gradually lead to the eradication of the errors of bigotry, the unnatural mode of life it inculcates, the prejudices it would cherish, the abuses it would encourage, and the injuries it would inflict.

There is another large convent in Ghent, composed of 1100 nuns. By a new law perpetual vows are prohibited, and the nun's abjuration of the world is limited in its application to a single year. Thus, if they be disposed to continue in their holy vocation, their vows must be annually renewed. I was surprised to learn, that few or none of the sisters avail themselves of the right to return to the bosom of their families. Perhaps a stern and unnatural convenience placed them there, or perhaps a stigma would attach to the abandonment of their profession. Custom is of-

ten superior to law, and the point of honour is frequently found more imperiously to control voluntary engagements than positive obligations. There is a large and handsome chapel attached to this convent, surrounded by a spacious area, containing at its extremity, near the portal by which we entered, a small chapel with a Christ and virgin, for the benefit of promenading devotees.

We also visited the new college, erecting under the auspices of the government. Professors are already appointed. The public hall is a beautiful amphitheatre. The dome which encloses, and the boxes which surround it, are supported by Corinthian pillars, executed in imitation of white marble. The stucco preparation is so polished, that the deception is not even obvious to the touch. The immense breadth of the plates which formed the wall, and the great length of the shafts of the columns, convinced us that it was a composition. The latter are surmounted by a handsome dome. The boxes are intended to accommodate the public, the gallery is appropriated to the ladies, and the area to the students. An elegant box in the centre, emblazoned with the royal arms, is intended for the king. This amphitheatre is meant for the public examinations of the students, and as the suitable place for conferring academical honours.

A leading feature in the policy of the government is, to contribute as much as possible, by

encouragement and example, to the extension of national education.

The body of the schoolmasters are divided into four ranks. Two commissions in each province are appointed to pronounce upon the qualifications of the different candidates. Licences are issued by these commissions according as they may decide, authorising the candidates to give instruction in those branches of knowledge, which are included in the enumeration of the duties of their rank. The two first ranks comprehend all the higher branches of learning. These are taught in the royal schools of the principal towns. Latin, French, German, and English, as also mathematics and ethics, are taught by the first ranks. The lower instruct the people in the ordinary elements of knowledge, such as in reading, writing, and accounts. These are taught in all the villages, as well as in the large towns. The six universities crown the system of Belgic education.

The government seem to be aware that education is the great antidote to crime, as well as to know that it is the only weapon that can be efficiently used, to overturn the domination of the priesthood, and to secure to themselves the attachment of the people. They seem to have learned, that universal toleration, a community of privileges, and national education, must go

hand in hand to produce universal tranquillity, and to promote general satisfaction.

The opposition of the interested, and the enmity of the ignorant, may for a time impede the accomplishment of this result. But should a consistent adherence to this enlightened policy govern their councils, national contentment, and certain prosperity, will prove its assured reward.

The king of the Netherlands appears to be one of the few sovereigns whom the lessons of adversity have profited. The enlightened opinions of Englishmen, in opposition to the policy of their government, have taught him the expediency of universal toleration. We may, for a while perhaps, misrule Ireland; her insular position may secure impunity to her unwise governors. The vicinity of France, however, would render a system of persecution and proscription a dangerous experiment for the king of the low countries to hazard.

The government, however, has not exclusively confined its views to the education of the rich. It has likewise endowed many schools in different towns, as has been remarked, for the benefit of the people at large; besides, it has recently established a seminary at Louvain, for the education of the young Catholic priesthood. The academical course there is not to be restricted to the elucidation of the dogmas of their faith, or to an exposition of the theological system of the darker ages, but is intended

to embrace, with the ancient languages, the moral and physical sciences, as well as some of the more useful and elegant arts. Such a course will have for its object the development of the intellect—the attainment of general information—the increase of useful materials for thought, and the consequent improvement of the moral and intellectual character of the Catholic clergy. The establishment of this institution, under the auspices of the government, to the exclusion of the unlimited control of the clergy themselves, has awakened the bitter resentment of the most ambitious and fanatical of their number. A considerable portion, to the honour of their body, approve of the measure: it will enlarge the capacity of the candidates for the church—it will lead to the gradual reformation of its abuses, to the modification of its doctrines, and to the consequent removal of those distinctions, which keep alive the jealousy, and stimulate the enmity of rival faiths. If such be removed, mutual toleration is secured upon a true and imperishable basis, and to that extent the general happiness of society promoted.

There are one or two good paintings to be seen in the museum. When the convents and monasteries were razed and dismantled, the pictures which they contained were deposited in this gallery, and still remain there for the inspection of the traveller and the study of the

artist. We also saw a miserable collection of statues in stucco; two young artists were nevertheless busily occupied in sketching the outlines of one of them. We were also favoured with a view of Mr. S's. paintings, and were most courteously received by that gentleman in his gallery; this collection is composed of the productions of the most celebrated Flemish artists, as also of some Italian paintings. Although the proprietor went over them all in detail, we yet, in common politeness, forbore a minute inspection, not wishing to encroach too much upon his time. We had thus only a glance of these masterly productions. My attention was most attracted by portraits of Rubens and his two wives by himself, a Madona and child by Carlo Dolci, Paris and the three goddesses, and the head of a black man, in which the features and expression of the negro character were admirably delineated.

Ghent is intersected by different arms of the Scheldt, which unite at its western suburb; the canal of Bruges also passes through its centre. The different parts of the town are connected by twenty or thirty bridges. The houses in general are handsome and spacious; they are mostly composed of brick, the exterior of those of the wealthy being adorned with carved ornaments of stone. The walls of those of the middling and lower classes are plain, but for the most part are

neatly finished. The streets are narrow, and cross each other at every angle of the horizon: hence strangers are apt to wander, if unattended by an inhabitant.

Having lived merrily and gaily for some days at Ghent, we departed for Antwerp. It was now but the 23d of July, and the wheat harvest was completely finished; that of barley was about to begin, and only a few fields of oats remained unripe. I was surprised at the smallness of the fields, few exceeding a Scots acre, and the consequent number of enclosures. The farm houses presented an appearance of neatness and comfort, and generally, with the small farm attached to them, belonged to the inhabitant: hence partly the want of country houses between Ghent and Antwerp, and hence the look of comfort and of means the rural population exhibit. The impolitic French law of inheritance, limiting the father's right to regulate his succession, and entitling each child, according to the number of his family, to a certain share of his landed property, does not operate here; and, of course, the evil consequences which flow from it are not experienced. We passed through three or four villages, as they are called, but which in reality are small market towns, neat and cleanly in their aspect, and possessing inns, cafés, and *grand places.* The people, as we passed along, had all a character of liveliness and good humour; they joked

and laughed with our driver—presenting him with copious libations of the thin white beer of the country, which he, nothing loth, at every stoppage civilly acknowledged, and willingly quaffed off: indeed the heat was excessive, and the thirst devouring. The road traverses a country perfectly level. About fifteen miles from Ghent, our coachman requested me to remark the long steep hill before us. I in vain gazed along the endless track to discover it; and only by persevering to fix the eyes upon the route, was able to perceive just a perceptible rise upon the country. This was the only elevation in the whole line of road, and much did our coachman boast of the ability of his horses at having surmounted so formidable an impediment. We were informed that this road had been nearly impassable in unfavourable weather, till it was paved by the directions of Napoleon. Long and loudly did our coachman ring the praises of the great emperor for improving the roads, as he likewise, in no very measured language, condemned the want of enterprise of the present government, when we reached the Scheldt, in having neglected to carry the former's design into effect of throwing a bridge over it at Antwerp. I remarked in the market place of all the villages through which we passed, a pole erected of about 150 feet high. Archery it appeared was the favourite pastime of the inhabitants, and up-

on holydays the young men shot at a wooden bird perched upon the summit of the pole; he that brought it down, of course, gained the prize of the day.

The government defrays the expense of keeping the roads in repair; the funds appropriated for this purpose, are not, as in France, drawn from the community at large, but are, perhaps fairly enough, derived from the travellers who frequent the roads. We passed no less than ten turnpikes between Antwerp and Ghent; the rate of each, however, not exceeding many sous—an ample fund is thus supplied for the maintenance of the roads.

No women were engaged in reaping the harvests; so thus, if the domestication of the fair sex become the exclusive measure of refinement among nations, the Low Country has reached a higher point of civilization than our own. Three or four men were generally engaged in reaping the grain; in the right hand they held a sickle, resembling much an English scythe, and in the left a small hook, with which they detached the parcels of grain from the mass which they intended to cut. Almost every field between Ghent and Antwerp is lined with trees, and the country is thickly intersected with copses of oak; this species of wood, indeed, appears to grow naturally everywhere here, and the arable land to have been reclaimed from forests of oak.

The line of road on either side is planted with alder, birch, or willow. In Scotland the absence of wood in the vicinity of the highways is considered a great advantage; the moisture of the climate there keeps the road almost constantly wet and dirty if shaded by trees; the general coolness of the temperature renders their shade rather irksome than agreeable. Here, however, it may be otherwise; and hence perhaps the practice of planting the roadsides. We crossed a marsh of about two miles long before entering Antwerp—embarked at the ferry—landed safely, and arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre.

The sun had gone down—the twilight of the evening shed a pleasing light athwart this old and interesting city. Its lofty edifices, their grotesque shapes, and antique ornaments, blended agreeably with the softened shade in which they were beheld. The hotel was crowded, but still we obtained comfortable accommodation. I may truly say so, for it was entirely furnished in the English fashion, with good fare, and prompt attendance. We met here a good many English, who had travelled the same route. We compared notes with some of them; they complained of discomfort, familiarity, imposition, and rudeness. We had uniformly experienced civility, fair dealing, and a vivacity of manner by no means offensive, as the deference due to superior rank was never once forgotten. Custom,

besides, is the measure of propriety, and distant respect in one country often constitutes unfeeling coldness in another. The principles and conduct of our neighbours are often estimated by the humour not the reason of the man. So upon the whole, I dare say, we were all treated alike by the inhabitants. We were perhaps more accommodating than some of our countrymen, necessarily experienced less inconvenience, and perhaps commanded more civility.

We remained at Antwerp a few days. The church of St. Jaques is a handsome Gothic edifice, and in form and dimensions, much resembles the Flemish churches we had already seen. The interior is enriched with some magnificent altars, composed of plates of marble of different hues, and relieved by elegant columns, for the most part of the Corinthian order. The balustrades which surround them, are composed of the same materials, on which are richly carved an infinite variety of figures and of flowers admirably executed, and grouped with exquisite taste. The tomb of Rubens occupies one of the recesses, the centre of which is surrounded by a picture of his family by himself. This appeared to me an inferior production; his old father is thrust into the picture in a kneeling posture, naked, and with a beard worthy of the fiercest French pioneer. Our guide, with suitable propriety, called him the pioneer of the family.

The choir corresponds with the rest of the church, and contains a magnificent marble altar.

We visited Monsieur ———'s collection of paintings; it contains among others, Christ presenting the keys to St. Peter, by Rubens. The richness of the colouring of this painting—the admirable delineation of the human form—the perfect adjustment of the drapery and attitudes—the combined beauty, dignity, and serenity of our Saviour's expression, with the corresponding feelings of gratitude, submission, and love, thrown into the features of St. Peter—the perfect and unexaggerated tone of the whole composition, so occupied our attention, that we had little time to notice the other productions. We failed not, however, to admire a Christ on the Cross, by the same artist.

The cathedral is a large Gothic building in the form of a cross; it contains three pictures by Rubens—two of the descent from the cross, the other the ascension. The museum also contains many admirable specimens of the talents and genius of Rubens and Vandyke. Christ on the Cross between two Malefactors, the Incredulity of St. Thomas, the Holy Family, by the former, struck us with admiration. Christ Dead, by Vandyke, seems moulded as it were into the human form itself; the pale deadliness of its shade takes not from the illusion, but, under the delicate touch of the artist, gives the stillness of

death, and the unconsciousness of being to its passive members. The descent from the cross, by Rubens, is a most finished painting; it is impossible to contemplate without a thrill of horror, the living gash in our Saviour's side, or to conceive any thing more perfect than the serene and deathlike repose of his pallid features. There were a variety of other paintings, but our attention merged in the master pieces of Rubens and Vandyke. Many young students were busily engaged in their studies; we particularly remarked a young lady occupied in copying Christ between the thieves, who seemed to have caught the fire and spirit of the original. May she do honour to the Flemish school of artists.

The celebrated docks of Napoleon rather disappointed us. They appeared not much larger than Leith docks, of course were not to be compared with those of the English metropolis. It is said that an extensive trade is carried on between Antwerp and all parts of the world. There appeared, however, no great symptoms of commercial prosperity. The docks contained some ships, the harbour a few lighters. As many might be seen in any third rate port of England or Scotland.

Antwerp is strongly fortified. I had visited it before, shortly after the termination of the late war. Its defence had been intrusted to Carnot. He that had never crouched to power; he that

had never deigned to flatter; he that had honestly said no, when France responded yes, to Napoleon's demand for the imperial crown; he who had indignantly refused to share his favour in the hour of success,—in the moment of misfortune, when the throne tottered, and the invader approached, abandoned his retreat, and became once more the defender of his country. Napoleon knew mankind well. He appreciated duly the character and integrity of Carnot, and made him governor of Antwerp. When I beheld it before, all the country houses around it had been levelled to the ground, the plantations smoothed away, the enclosures torn up from their roots—all was the picture of desolation. War had done its worst. Nearly ten years had intervened, and now the suburbs were rebuilt, the villas replaced. The rude mark of war had disappeared. Industry animated, and wealth enriched the villages, which then had been sacked and overthrown. The effects of injury soon disappear before the energy of enterprise, and the toil of man. The recollections of sufferings inflicted, and privations endured, are now likely forgotten amid the activity of labour, and the repose of peace.

We proceeded towards Brussels. The fields were much larger than those between Ghent and Antwerp. The harvest was nearly completed. We breakfasted at Malines, or Mechlin, and afterwards visited its cathedral. It is like others in

Flanders, a spacious church, but was principally attractive, as it contained an altar-piece by Vandyke. In another church we saw an exquisite picture, the Miraculous Draught of Fishes by Rubens. The church of St. John contains three paintings by the same artist, the Adoration of the Magi, the Resurrection of our Saviour, and John the Baptist beheaded.

We again entered the cathedral, and found the congregation assembled around the remains of a soldier, who had recently died, the *curé* at the altar, and a full choir singing and saying mass alternately for the repose of his soul. The vocal and instrumental part of the service was rather imposing. The gravity of the people; their total identity with the passing scene; the harmony of a full and solemn chorus chaunting through the aisles; the rich swelling tones of the organ, contrasting sometimes with the solitary recitative of the priest, and blending at others with the rising hallelujahs of the people, certainly awakened feelings of a serious kind; and I, heretic as I was, felt rather gratified than displeased with the solemnity and devotion of the whole proceeding. The friends of the deceased, dressed in black robes, stood or knelt at the bottom of the coffin. They appeared lost in grief, or earnest in supplication, hoping no doubt that this melancholy dirge would produce its intended consequences, and liberate the suffering soul

of their departed brother from the pains of purgatory. If one could seriously believe in the existence of this intermediate state between heaven and hell, and on the efficacy of the means of the expurgation employed, I know no service of the church more calculated to awaken feelings of seriousness and devotion than the one then witnessed. Its supposed effect on the fate of a deceased fellow creature, must certainly operate as a strong stimulant to devotion; and the selfish consideration, that we ourselves can only be rescued in a similar manner from like pains, will give an additional tone of solemn thought and sincere expression to our earnest supplications. However I felt not the illusion, consequently could not sympathize with the feeling, though somewhat affected by the solemnity of the observance.

Malines is a curious old town, unfortified, but still surrounded by a rampart. It has a pleasant promenade upon it, well shaded with trees. It possesses few manufactures, being only famous for the making of hats and lace. There is a convent, where the nuns occupy themselves in making the latter. Their number at one time exceeded 1400 sisters, but now they are greatly reduced. They yet spare sufficient time from their incumbent devotions, to knit an ample quantity of the commodity in question to meet the demand for the famed lace of Mechlin. We saw few of the

towns-women engaged in this occupation. We dined at the Table d'Hote, where we met some agreeable people, not of the higher classes, but sufficiently polite, accommodating, and intelligent.

In the evening we left for Brussels. The country still presented the same aspect,—large wheat fields, interspersed with a few oats. It became less level, being varied by gentle elevations and descents. Towards Brussels it is more agreeably varied, presenting a succession of rich and beautiful scenery studded with villas. The palace of Lacken, the king's residence, is prettily situated on the brow of an eminence, at the distance of two miles from Brussels. His Majesty was there at the time. It was evening as we approached the Flemish capital. Equipages, equestrians, and walkers thronged the highway. Crowds, noise, activity, and bustle, the attributes of a capital, became once more apparent. The promenade of the suburb which we entered was crowded with people, men and women promiscuously scattered about—some lounging—others sitting at little tables under the shade of the elm, enjoying the calm of the evening, with long pipes in their mouths, indolently puffing, or tankards in their hands, more actively quaffing the white beer of Louvaine.

The kingdom of the Netherlands comprehends about twenty-five thousand square miles. Its

population does not exceed five millions five hundred thousand souls. The revenue consists of nearly nine millions sterling, but does not exceed the annual expenditure of the State. A considerable portion of the revenue is required to discharge the interest of the national debt, which amounts to one hundred and forty-four millions sterling. The rate of interest, however, being only 2 per cent., enables the Government, with less difficulty, to fulfil the obligation imposed upon it. The amount of taxation, indeed, appears to be the only cause of popular discontent; and, judging from its general expression in this respect, I apprehend that, were the taxes increased, they could not well be exacted. Yet, after the experience of our own country during the late war, it is impossible to determine, from mere appearances, or a calculation of a country's probable resources, what point may be deemed the *ne plus ultra* of taxation.

The constitution of the State, in its form and elements, resembles our own. The executive power is exclusively vested in the king, who, at pleasure, appoints or dismisses his ministers. The only check, as with us, upon an unpopular nomination, is withholding the supplies. The legislature consists of the chamber of peers, of that of representatives, and of the king. The person of the king is inviolable. His ministers are responsible for the acts of the executive go-

vernment. The English constitution is thus evidently the model on which that of the Belgian has been formed. There are, however, two marked differences in its original frame, one of which tends to limit the authority and influence of the executive government, and the other, I fear, to render the members of the house of representatives less dependent upon the good will and approbation of their constituents than might have been desired. These distinctions I shall shortly explain.

The kingdom is divided into different states. These states have all local assemblies of their own, in whom are vested the power of framing regulations to guide the conduct of provincial functionaries, as also the right in local and municipal matters, of controlling the people themselves. Besides, there is reposed in them the authority of enforcing the execution of the laws, and of regulating the expenditure of all the magistrates in the state to which they belong. The fund supplied from the public treasury for the maintenance of the clergy, is also divided in fixed proportions among that body by them. They likewise direct the erection of public works, contract with tradesmen for that purpose, and control the expenditure thence arising, even though the supreme legislature may have authorised the grant from the public funds.

The constitution requires that one-third of the members of the lower house should annually

vacate their seats by rotation. The provincial states supply the deficiency thus occasioned, having vested in them the privilege of exclusively nominating the new members. The people at large have only an indirect voice in the election of their representatives. They only elect the members of the provincial states, by whom the third branch of the legislature are again appointed, or rather annually renewed in the manner described.

The lower house consists only of one hundred and ten members, of whom one half are elected by the northern, and the other by the southern states. The extent and population of each state regulate the number of members which each is entitled to nominate. One degrading feature in the character of this assembly, arises from the circumstance of each of its members receiving 5400 francs of salary from the Government. In the circumstances and condition of society there, it may prove equally equitable and expedient to allow the sum specified to the members of the lower house, and that *consideration* may not perhaps hinder the faithful and independent discharge of their legislative duties. The law awards the salary which the members substantially receive from the people by whom they are elected, not from the Crown, whom they are intended to control; yet, as the amount is paid from the treasury—as the administration here, like

some others, elsewhere may exercise an undue and unconstitutional influence at elections—as the office of legislator is one of emolument, not of pure honour—with our British associations this purchased patriotism implies a degree of dependence on the executive, incompatible with the independent capacity a representative of the people is bound to maintain, or with the high duties he is required to discharge. No new law can originate in either the lower or the upper house, but must proceed, in the first instance, from the king.

The upper house only consists of sixty members. They are all nominated by the Crown, but are not hereditary. Vacancy by death thus renders necessary a new nomination, which the king exercises without any regard to the family of the deceased peer. The members of this House also receive a salary of about 6800 francs. Being nominated by the Crown, they are of course indebted to it for the salary received, and, in most instances, are, it is understood, perfectly subservient to its will. That will is fortunately devoted to the good of the commonwealth; but no thanks to either the vigilance or independence of the peers.

The authority vested in the provincial states, to regulate all the local expenditure, &c. limits beneficially the influence of the Crown. I am not so certain that the mode of electing the members of the lower house, contributes to produce

the same result, from the obvious consideration that it is easier to corrupt the few than the many, the provincial states than the people at large. The opinion of the intelligent here, however, from other views of expediency, appears to be the reverse. Their mode of reasoning seems to be this. The payment of a small sum in direct taxes to the Government, gives the qualification of voting for a member of the provincial states. The local expenditure and government being vested in these states, the people, from daily experience and observation, can judge of the expediency of their measures, and the fidelity of their administration. If dissatisfied, they will not re-elect an obnoxious member. By this means the provincial states will not fail to be composed of able and honest men. Friends to economy, to just laws, and their equitable administration will not likely yield to courtly temptations or government influence, in the exercise of their annual privilege of returning the members who supply the vacancies which the law may have occasioned. I was not, however, exactly convinced by this reasoning. I cannot but think, that in a tolerably well educated community, the more immediate the connexion between constituent and representative, the better. It supersedes all dependence upon the discretion or honesty of intermediate bodies. It more immediately identifies an individual with the government—it in-

creases the interest he will take in its proceedings—it induces that government, in the policy it adopts, more anxiously to consult popular opinion, and, of course, to be more decidedly regulated by just principles, the practical operation of which will always prove for the public benefit. In short, it will be more likely to study the paramount interests of society than its own occasional advantage. As I have stated, an unprincipled Government will more easily corrupt a provincial state than a whole community; and the observation of that community, where these states, with such privileges, form an integral portion of the national constitution, will be more easily turned away from the acts of the general government, and directed to the comparatively unimportant, but more apparent interests, which are involved in the discussions of a provincial assembly.

Many objections might no doubt be plausibly urged to the constitution of both houses. The salary of their members—their permanent existence as a body, being only subject to dissolution at the pleasure of the Crown—their being debarred the privilege of originating any law—the smallness of their numbers rendering their corruption of easier attainment, appear pretty formidable objections to their constitution. Still there are to be found among their number many able, intelligent, and independent men, who conscientiously discharge their duty to their coun-

try, alike in the deliberations of the senate, and in their connexion with the people.

Brussels is placed on a rising ground, overhanging the surrounding country. Its situation is healthy. The streets are steep, narrow, and irregular, but are well watered and cleanly kept. Brussels is much improved within these last ten years. New approaches are made—new streets formed—regular plans of building adopted—the houses are more elegant—greater activity is apparent—peace has brought security, and trade promoted enterprise. The residence of the Court during every alternate year, has increased consumption, of course has added both to the number of those who consume and those who supply. The meetings of the legislature, the public questions discussed, and the journals circulated, have organized and brought into expression public opinion. State measures are canvassed—the quality of debates discussed—the character of speakers criticised. An identity is felt more with the Government, in consequence of the political immunities enjoyed, than from mere vicinity to its seat. Ten years ago, the constitution had been doubtless established, and political rights recognised; but then its institutions were new, and the privileges it bestowed were neither appreciated nor understood. They are now comprehended; and while they secure to many of the higher ranks the important func-

tions of legislators, they bestow upon the people at large the privilege of their election. While Flanders was an integral portion of the French empire, the right of thought to its inhabitants might not be prevented; but the privilege of its expression on state affairs was most strictly forbidden. Thus the influence of the wise, the intelligent and good, failed to operate, nor could it immediately, upon the nominal establishment of a free constitution. Despotism had too long scathed the most generous attributes of mind, had chilled the ardour of philanthropy, and turned the current of patriotism into the gentler and more attractive courses of private or of social life. Thus its stream was for a while dried up, and the creations which it formed and cherished were lost or withered away. To awaken public curiosity—to excite interest, and to influence action, could not then be the work of a day. Strong emotion will only stir the mind where immediate personal interest does not attract. From this cause it required the energy of the active, the boldness of the brave, and the animation of the eloquent, to mould public opinion into form, and to give it that influence which it now enjoys. Ten years ago, I remember to have heard the most preposterous opinions, and the most extravagant crudities delivered upon public matters. The most improbable tales were credited, the most absurd

speculations current, and the most inconsistent conclusions drawn. The people were ignorant. There were none to direct their thoughts, or to instruct their minds. Inconsistency, folly, and violence, were the natural results.

The *Place Royale* is a handsome square, in which is placed the Hotel de Flandre, where we resided. The palace of the Prince of Orange is immediately opposite, by no means conspicuous from the other houses by which it is surrounded. The palace of the king is in a street adjoining, overlooking the park. It is, too, on a line with the other houses, and exhibits no distinguishing marks of royalty. The character of the Court seems to be simplicity. It appears to dislike, or to disdain parade. The monarch merges in the private gentleman—dines with his private friends, and associates familiarly with the companions of his choice, and only submits to the restraints of royalty upon official occasions. The park is a small inclosure, but is prettily laid out in walks and plantations, to which the inhabitants resort at this season of the year, in the cool of the evening. The streets adjoining to the park are occupied with handsome houses, and are in general inhabited by the highest ranks attached to the Court. The market-place is a square containing curiously fashioned antique houses. The Hotel de Ville occupies one side of it. It is a very ancient

building, with a deep roof, on which are piled ten attic stories, and the whole is surmounted with a handsome spire.

I have remarked a considerable difference in the tone of feeling and expression, which the Flemish now entertain and observe towards their neighbours, the Dutch, from what they exhibited at the period of my former visit here. The two countries not only disliked each other before, from the vulgar consideration that they were neighbouring and distinct nations; but because their manners, polity, and religion, were totally dissimilar. Such marked differences, no doubt, originally proceeded from the character and policy of the respective governments under which they lived. In 1816, a short period subsequently to their incorporation with each other, I observed, that all classes of the people, with whom I had an opportunity of associating, who had conquered the diffidence they naturally felt to speak openly before a stranger, expressed their unmeasured detestation at their union with Holland. They cared not about their restoration to Austria, by whom they had been treated more as a dependent province than as an integral portion of the Empire; but expressed their dislike at their separation from France, in whose military glories they had shared, and civil improvements participated. The character and influence of the French Government enabled them to conquer and su-

persede that empire which bigotry had reared and superstition cherished, and which the ambitious and domineering selfishness of a crafty priesthood had contributed to perpetuate. The victories of republican France had turned the tide of war from their ill-fated soil, the theatre of so many fields, and the object of so many contests. Its inhabitants enjoyed then the advantages of victory, and, by the annexation of their country to France, the glory, though perhaps the *expense too* of national success. Before, Flanders was alike pilfered and alike desolated, by the victor and the vanquished. Hence an obvious cause of preference to France. Her interest dictated the union with France, because it secured to her the enjoyment of repose. The illusion of victory flattered her pride. The glory shared extinguished discontent.

I had now, however, the satisfaction to remark, that the liberal and conciliating policy of the present Government had produced the most salutary effects. If the people disliked the Protestant religion, they obviously relished Protestant liberality. If they regretted the absence of military glory, they were well compensated by the more solid equivalent of an improving trade, unshackled by restrictions, and of a Government unfettered in its operation, by the dogmas of legitimacy. The king of the Netherlands, unlike most of his neighbours, seems to have learnt wisdom in the

school of adversity. He has chosen the wise and tolerant for his advisers. The allies of his house are the Autocrat of Russia and his Majesty of Prussia; those of his Government, freedom of trade—universal toleration—equal laws, and a representative legislature.

There is one unpopular feature in his administration, the effects of which create considerable discontent, because it unluckily affects the interests of the people in the tenderest point, viz. their pockets. The circumstance I mean, is the maintenance of a standing army of 100,000 men. The peculiar geographical position of the kingdom, betwixt two of the great powers of Europe, may possibly awaken his jealousy and alarm. France plainly regards the Netherlands with an envious, and, in the present character of her Government, with an eager, bigoted, and affectionate eye. The French themselves forget not that the Rhine was the barrier of the empire, and any pretext to extend the limits of the kingdom to the same would assuredly obtain the popular approbation. The Bourbons never evinced any reluctance to retain what the imperial despoiler had acquired, nor would they fail to take advantage of the popular feeling, to reclaim and repossess Flanders, if a favourable opportunity were only presented. Kings naturally like standing armies, from the power which they give, and the patronage they secure. Policy,

however, may combine with feeling, in supporting here a large standing army. From whatever cause its constitution may be derived, its effect is universally disliked. The people murmur, and condemn the Government, for imitating to that extent the detestable policy of the Holy Alliance.

The navy of this kingdom does not exceed forty ships of war, and its maintenance costs about L.600,000 per annum. The army, as may be supposed from its amount, costs about three millions and a half sterling. The clergy also are all maintained from the public treasury, and the annual expenditure on their account is about L.300,000, hardly three times as much as the revenues attached to the best Irish bishopric. The salaries of the clergy vary from L.60 to L.250 per annum. The prelates of the Catholic Church have more, but few of their incomes exceed L.1000 per annum. The judges are appointed *ad vitam aut culpam*, and have moderate salaries.

A circumstance indicative of the feelings and wishes of the French Government, transpired a short time before our arrival in Flanders. It was suspected by the government, that the French Jesuits had dispatched missionaries into Flanders, with the view of tampering with both the clergy and the people. The King previously had received information that a certain number of these jesuitical strollers had crossed the frontier;

and were in the course of proceeding to Brussels. He immediately directed some of the most able and active of the police to disguise themselves in canonicals, and to get introduced to the apostolical emigrants. In this they fortunately succeeded, gained their confidence, and extracted from them, that the object of their mission was to excite dissension between the government and the Catholic clergy. The police officers then threw off their disguise, appeared *in propriis personis*, arrested these most christian functionaries, drove them under the warrant of the government to the French frontier, and, at its very edge, obliged them to descend from the vehicle, and to proceed as they best could to the head quarters of their employers, with an intimation that they would be personally proceeded against if ever afterwards found within the Belgic frontier. All gave the King great credit for having managed the affair dexterously to an end. It was the subject of lampoons, caricatures, and comic songs, while we were at Brussels, and excited general merriment.

We remained a day or two at Brussels. It had neither the architectural splendour of Ghent, nor the antique variety of Antwerp. The people we met wanted what always amuses a stranger, originality and openness; there is nothing striking in the parade of gaiety, nor in the artifices of fashion. Such are the same at London, Paris,

and Brussels. The absence of all distinct peculiarities here, made us, therefore, indifferent about remaining. We dined, doubtless with genteel and polished society at the *Table d' Hote,* but found the guests less original than at Ghent, and their manners less lively than at Antwerp. Indeed, the good society of all countries pretty much resembles each other, and till a sort of intimacy be established, by frequent intercourse, a certain degree of reserve is to be expected, and a corresponding insipidity of feeling experienced. Thus, though we acknowledged the civility of our board associates at Brussels, we remained not long enough to relish their conversation or to appreciate their good qualities.

Before we departed, we looked through the gallery of paintings. It contained, to my taste, little worth remarking. There was attached to it, however, a handsome library. The King seemed tolerably popular. I presume, from the policy of his government, that he is a man of sense, as the existence of that quality is necessarily implied, in the selection of wise and intelligent councillors. His son, the Prince of Orange, appears to be disliked. He is too intimate with his brother-in-law, the Emperor Alexander, and too little at home. The people think with St Paul, that "Evil communications corrupt good manners," or believe with Horace, that a man "*noscitur ex sociis.*" They are, therefore,

jealous of his friendships, and apprehensive of their result. Prince Frederick was spoken of with affection and respect. He had only been married a short time before to the King of Prussia's daughter. This interesting crisis in a man's fate always favourably disposes, and I hope he may at all times prove worthy of the popular esteem now bestowed.

We left Brussels without regret, and having penetrated the forest of Soigné, passed the far famed village of Waterloo; stopped and breakfasted at the miserable inn of Mount St. Jean; walked across the field after breakfast, and saw the relative position of the contending armies. It is, of course, vain to describe that which is known to all. The glories of Waterloo will never fade, till the name of England ceases to exist. The battle has been fought and won. —The fruits of victory have been reaped.—The blood of England has been spilt, and her coffers drained, to transfer the people of Europe from the yoke of one tyrant to the domination of many. Peace, after the restoration of Napoleon in 1815, might have proved expensive and embarrassing to us. The genius of the man—his unbounded ambition—and his love of war, might have afforded the pretext, and perhaps furnished the justification for maintaining a large military establishment. We have, in a manner, ever since had that establishment, without its apology.

Bonaparte doubtless disregarded the sacred obligation of treaties, and kept them no longer than convenience dictated. In this, he only resembled all despotic potentates, and could not in faithlessness have been surpassed by his Bourbon predecessors Louis XIV. and XVI. The former attacked the Dutch in spite of the royal guarantee, and his plighted faith. The latter assisted America when at peace with England, and violated the conditions of that peace as soon as he safely could engage in war. Even *Louis le Desiré*, that pattern of moral excellence, not three years ago, pledged the honour of France that no hostile aggression was intended against constitutional Spain. We know how that pledge has been redeemed, and what wretchedness and havock has been spread throughout that ill-fated country. The imbecility of the Bourbons, not their honesty, was our only security for the preservation of peace. The genius of Napoleon, not his greater faithlessness, was the only danger that war would be renewed. Still, his relative position to surrounding nations and their people, must be remembered in 1815, before we assume the necessity or wisdom of the measures pursued by the European powers. Europe for years had been subservient to the interests of France. The will of one man had wielded her power. The pride of nations was humbled; their independence substantially lost. Universal feelings of enmity and

resentment thus were fostered against the victorious aggressor. Accident, and the infatuation of fortune combined, turned the tide of war against him, and then the smothered feelings of universal hate exploded in the cry of national vengeance, and the simultaneous act of united resistance to French authority. The war became that of confederated nations against a tyrant and his slaves. Promises were lavishly given by princes to their people, that the arbitrary system should be abolished, and the constitutional regime commenced. This redoubled the enthusiasm already kindled, and opened the way for the liberation of Europe, and the downfall of Napoleon. Then the magnanimous allies squabbled about the division of the spoil, and the torch of war was again nearly rekindled among themselves, when Bonaparte marched through France, without resistance, and re-occupied the abandoned throne of *Louis le Desiré*. The personal pretensions and disputes of the Allied Sovereigns merged in the common danger, and they unanimously determined upon war. Their peculiar interests, doubtless, demanded it. As the results have proved, the interests of their people required the reverse. Humbled in succession by Napoleon—in turns his enemies—victims—and allies, they feared his restless spirit and commanding genius, and trembled for their thrones. From this cause, had peace been preserved, the pledges to their

people would have been probably redeemed, free institutions established, and Europe, at the existing hour, advancing in the high career of constitutional prosperity. Its people had not forgotten the insults heaped upon them, and the injuries inflicted by their French oppressors. Hatred to them, and gratitude to their own Sovereigns, would have guaranteed the safety of the latters' thrones. The armies of France had doubtless conquered those of Europe in succession; but they had in turn yielded to the resistless energy of the popular will, and the feeling of indignant and patriotic resistance which it had matured. The reign of Bonaparte would have therefore proved the guarantee of royal moderation, and secured to the European people the establishment of constitutional freedom. He was again dethroned, and Europe is enthralled.

Still, on the other hand, the world is at peace, capital accumulates, and free opinions are gaining a slow but gradual influence on the minds of men. Such could not have been so easily effected during the excitement, the perils, and the privations of war. If government be founded on opinion, that opinion must have its ultimate weight on the decision of princes. Arbitrary monarchs will thus ultimately yield to the general will; so the enjoyment of repose will, in the end, produce its anticipated results; but, when that consummation will be achieved, no man can predict. Such

considerations may possibly be thought to have made the decision of the Allies in 1815, ultimately favourable to the interests of mankind. Yet, I think from what I have already said, that Napoleon must have remained at peace. The recognition of free institutions in France, and the checks they must have imposed on his warlike propensities, would have added to the security of nations. These institutions could not have been put down but through the medium of conquest, and, in the then circumstances of Europe, that was unattainable. His only hold at that time was on the affections of France; that, without war, could not have been enjoyed, or, in its absence, without the consolidation of French liberty, secured. Therefore, with deference, upon the whole I conclude that the battle of Waterloo should not have been fought. Its results have likely been productive of greater evil than advantage.

At La Belle Alliance, we again reached our vehicle, and proceeded through a sloping country to Genappe. This is the small town, in the vicinity of which the Prussians took the carriage of Bonaparte. We rested awhile, and then proceeded to Quatre Bras, where the struggle of the 15th occurred, and the gallant Duke of Brunswick fell. It is a field, admirably adapted for "the tug of war," being perfectly open, and six or eight miles in circumference, intersected by no hedges, and divided only by narrow ditches.

The fields now had become rich and large. The inhabitants were busily occupied in gathering the harvest. It was all cut with the scythe, and then horizontally piled into stacks. I reckoned upwards of one hundred people, men and women, in one field, engaged in gathering, binding, and depositing the corn. The soil was still sandy, but heavier than any we had yet beheld. The grain about Sombref seemed of better quality than that we had seen towards Ghent and Antwerp. It appeared not to have suffered from the continued drought, but was thickly set and well filled. Slope followed slope in varied succession, the ascents became steeper, the ridges more rugged. We at last gained a point from which the luxuriant valley of the Meuse is seen, stretched far beneath. The green hills on either side, are variously smoothed away. The intervening descent is studded with villas, mingled with rich fields of yellow grain. Namur is disclosed. The white walls of its citadel towering in graduated succession over each other, dazzle the eye as the descending sunbeams glisten on their surface. The limpid Meuse flows gently through the vale. The blue city is softened in the shade. All impart a pleasant feeling, and predispose us to rest satisfied with Namur. We reached the Hotel d'Harscamp about half-past seven, supped comfortably, and retired to repose, dreaming, of

course, of "My Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and the trenches of Namur."

Namur is a small town, its population scarcely exceeding twenty thousand inhabitants. The streets are more narrow and less clean than those of the other towns we had already visited. This town is noted for the excellence of its cutlery. It contains a manufactory of arms, and one of machinery, recently established by an Englishman. We visited the Cathedral, a handsome modern church, built about fifty years ago, and were most heartily amused at the confident tone, with which the sexton announced the wretched daubs which were suspended from its walls, as the masterpieces of Reubens and Vandyke. He must have either been himself deceived at his installation to the sacred office, or told the tale so often as to have at last believed in its truth.

We remained here a day, met an agreeable German gentleman at the Table d'Hote, who spoke French perfectly, as, indeed, all his educated countrymen do. We received from him much useful information regarding our intended journey up the Rhine. Though individuals belonging to many different classes of society mingle at these boards, we had never yet witnessed the least breach of decorum or violation of good manners, and, as foreigners, were always treated with peculiar civility. In dining there we certainly do not imitate the general custom of our

countrymen, who, for the most part, are peculiarly disposed to retirement, and estrange themselves as much as possible from foreign society. Their minds are, doubtless, from this retired propensity, left more undistracted to admire the scenes of the varied countries through which they pass. Men and manners they disdain. The country is enough for them.

We had rather an odd assemblage at dinner. A West Indian merchant—a Flemish lawyer—two decent looking gentlemen farmers and their wives, besides other non-descripts, whose vocations were not so obvious. The lawyer declaimed with great volubility upon the blessings of arbitrary Government—the advantages of standing armies—the dangers to which the unity of a legal code is exposed, by the intervention of juries—the consistency which the legislative enactments of one produce, and the conformity which the judicial decisions of few possess. His reasonings were worthy of a Jeffries—his liberality, of a Laud—his doctrines upon the constitution of a legislature, of Puffendorf—upon that of a judicature, of James II. The West Indian seemed generally to partake of all the prejudices of that abused class of men; but, though a Fleming, had lived in the British West Indian Islands; had imbibed, even in a colony of slaves, the spirit of British liberty, and with earnestness opposed the lawyer's assumptions, and denied

his conclusions. He said nothing very original; but the tone of his feeling, and the quality of his opinions, betrayed the quarter from whence they had been derived. There is something in the character, the manners, and the institutions of a free people, which speak home to the sympathies of man—something in unison with the indelible feelings of human nature, that fails not to captivate and engage—something which overrules the ordinary calculations of mind, and takes, as it were, the heart by storm, however rude the feelings, and untutored the intellect of that heart's possessor. This inspired the unpolished merchant, and made him more than master his garrulous opponent. He carried the feelings of the company with him. The farmers applauded, and, of course, the English approved. It is pleasant to see a vain man foiled at his own weapons. It was also gratifying to behold the advocate of despotic principles thoroughly put down. To do him justice, however, he took his beating, as lawyers generally do, (I presume from habit,) in good part, and with a professional ductility of mind, merrily shared in the other topics of conversation introduced. I forget not the lesson which the former discussion taught. It was delightful to behold the influence which British society produces on the minds of foreigners. It is thus that the influence of England's high example, and the opinions of her people, operate among

nations. It is the impress of her moral character they take, because the feeling it produces is identified with the universal sympathies of our nature. It is this which raises foes to oppression in every soil where the name of England has been echoed, or her free citizens known.

It was our intention to have sailed down the Meuse the following morning, in the barge which plies between Liege and Namur; but the continued drought had so contracted the body of the stream, that we were informed the voyage would occupy more than thirteen hours. The boats too were small and dirty. In consequence, we preferred proceeding by land. The road skirts the bank of the river for the greater part of the journey, and was what we now deemed a great luxury,—M'Adamized, instead of paved. The smooth rolling of the vehicle in sultry weather, proved a most agreeable change from the jolting motion to which we had been hitherto accustomed. The country presented a beautiful and luxuriant variety of woodland hills and cultivated fields as far as Huy. Here the rocked precipice rose from the road, there the copsed hill girded the scene. Now the vine enriches the slopes, and there the yellow grain waves in the vale. We changed horses at Huy, a small town, from which rises a large citadel strongly fortified.

We met a lively and communicative old lady at Huy from Brussels, who, perceiving that we

were strangers, as an introduction to conversation, cautioned us to beware of imposition, and then afterwards ran over, with infinite volubility, the horrors of the French revolution, and the sufferings which it caused to herself and family. She, of course, professed to be most partial to the English, and to hate the French. She might possibly be sincere, as by her own account she had suffered much by the latter, in consequence of the revolution. She was partly compensated by the liberal expenditure of the former at Brussels, to whom she let a portion of her house. She was a vivacious old lady; and short as we had remained with her, we regretted to bid adieu.

We now for a while left the banks of the Meuse. The slopes and ascents rose in gentler succession. Extensive orchards lined the road on either side, and, in the distance, upon the opposite bank of the river, the banks were fringed by a succession of fruit trees. These, we were told, exclusively consisted of cherries of an admirable quality. The entrance to Liege is beautiful. The country gradually slopes on either side of the river down to its brink. The road winds near the current, and on either side elegant villas, enriched with vineyards and fruit trees, embellish the attractive scene. The houses along the river, in the suburb which we entered, are all detached from each other. The intervals are occupied

with plants, flowers, and vines. These give a rich and peculiar variety to the entrance of the city.

We had been prevailed on to go to the "Grand Cerf," in preference to the "Aigle Noire," to which we had been recommended by our German friend at Namur. We had the simplicity to take this advice from a sort of farmer we met at Huy, and who intended to proceed to Liege, in preference to that of our friend. We found, from sad experience, that this hotel was dirty and ill-regulated, that the guests in general were low, forward, and vulgar. We sat next a farmer and a young lawyer of Liege. The latter, unlike most members of the long robe, was silent. The farmer briskly entered into conversation with me. Occasionally he addressed the barrister—seemed anxious about the fate of some suit; but our friend of the law, unlike most of its junior members, seemed indisposed to offer gratuitous opinions—was more profitably engaged in taking in than letting out, and left the agriculturist to make the most of his own speculations. The landlord sat at a corner of a right-angled table, subjecting every dish to the ordeal of examination, and to the operation of dissection, before any of the guests were permitted to appropriate a portion to themselves. Indeed, he appeared to reserve to himself the right of doling out to whom he pleased the contents of any given plate. This, perhaps in the

end, saved both time and trouble; but it conveyed the impression that the allowance was restricted, and the distribution arbitrary. This was somewhat incompatible with our notions of English comfort—the privilege of selecting our dinner, and of regulating our own consumption. It had a savage look, as if the landlord could neither repose in the discretion, nor depend on the moderation of his guests, as if their appetites should be controlled, and their violence restrained. There was, however, abundance, yet that was only commensurate with the inordinate consumption. Almost all partook of every dish, and voraciously swallowed whatever was presented. So, perhaps, the precautions of the landlord, and the mode of entertainment, arose from the salutary suggestions of his own experience. The guests seemed chiefly to be composed of subalterns of the Gens d'Armes, commercial travellers, and bachelors of the town. There were also three ladies, not over-genteel—three jolly personages from Auvergne, who quaffed off vigorously the Moselle, hob-nobbing to each other, and a fair *go-between*, who cemented this bacchanalian alliance, as each successive bumper demanded the familiar acknowledgment. A young woman, not over-beautiful, regaled us during dinner with airs upon the guitar, accompanying its music with a voice more remarkable for its stentorian vigour than its melodious expression. The Burgundy

was admirable for three francs a bottle—the dinner greasily cooked, and not over-palatable to the simplicity of a Scottish taste. So it was, the scene was new, but not quite agreeable. I resolved in my own mind to be more cautious hereafter in taking advice from accidental travellers, and to be more regulated by that of the good society we were sure to meet in the first hotels.

Liege contains about 45,000 inhabitants. Its manufactures are chiefly those of arms, nails, and linens. The streets are straight—the houses shabby—the inhabitants dirty. The higher parts of the town are perfumed with an odour which would have done credit to the Gardez-l'eau days of *Auld Reekie*. The want of common sewers is obvious, and its consequence, the redundance of common filth, but too apparent. We wound up a long and narrow street, filled with ragged and filthy women, and with filthier and more ragged children. This led to the citadel. The labour and the nuisances of the ascent were well compensated by the beauty and variety which the surrounding scene presented. Liege reposes in the valley, is intersected by the Meuse, and watered by many of its tributary streams. The adjacent heights teem with fertility. Vineyards and corn fields mingle together. The windings of the valley are studded with villas, bathed by the stream, and are adorned by variously fashioned grounds, separated from each other by thick plantations,

or are fringed on every side by the green vine or the yellow grain. The adjacent summits are tufted with copsewood, or are gradually smoothed away in fading outlines into the limits of the distant horizon.

In the evening we met two young Dutchmen at the *Grand Cerf*, lively, intelligent, and agreeable, just returned from Spa, who furnished us with the necessary particulars relative to the mode of living and proceeding there. Next day our landlord recommended us to go to the *Hotel de Pays Bas*, at Spa; but, for that very reason, we preferred another, of which we had heard in the course of our journey—the *Hotel de Flandre*. Leaving Liege, we gradually ascended for eight or nine miles. The inclined plane, as far as the eye can reach, is chequered with orchards and cultivated fields. Then the symptoms of luxuriance gradually vanish—we pass the waste. We are reminded of our native heath—the scene is entirely Highland—the *heather* blooms on the brown surface—the lowly cot marks the abode of the shepherd—the white sheep around vary and animate the dull expanse. Anon the plain below discloses a rich and fertile scene. The small town of Theux is passed. Then, winding through a woodland scene of successive hills and dales, just as twilight merged in the shades of night, we reached the far-famed town of Spa.

Spa is a neat, clean, small town, situated in

the centre of a vale, inclosed by hills. It consists almost exclusively of hotels for the accommodation of strangers, and these in general are tolerably furnished, and neatly kept. The rent of apartments, as may be expected, during the season, is high. That seldom exceeds three months. Strangers who remain only for a short time, are more cheaply accommodated at such hotels as are furnished with a Table d'Hote. Only four have this advantage: The Hotels de Pays Bas, d'Orange, d'York, and de Flandre. Having been recommended to the latter, we obtained there comfortable apartments for five francs a-day; breakfast for one franc each, and dinner for three at the Table d'Hote.

It is the custom to get up early. We therefore rose at six, proceeded to Le Pouhon Fountain in the centre of the town, and drank at short intervals two or three tumblers of its waters. This well is placed under the portico of a sort of Doric temple, erected to the memory of Peter the Great. He had been for some time a resident at Spa. Between the columns which support the upper part of the building, there is an ample space for the drinkers to walk up and down; and above there is a large apartment adapted to the same purpose. It is only, however, while the weather is unfavourable, that the company avail themselves of this convenience, preferring at other times to lounge through the streets, or

along the different shaded walks which surround the town. The water of the Pouhon spring is recommended as a remedy for all nervous, bilious, and stomachic complaints. It is an admirable tonic, resembling much soda water in taste. Its waters are the only kind among all the others which preserve purely their qualities upon transportation. They may be carried beyond seas without corruption or deterioration.

The spring of Geronstere is situated about three quarters of a league to the south of Spa. The bank on which it is placed commands a most picturesque view of the surrounding country. It is situated on the edge of a green slope, where its waters play into a basin, and an adjoining room accommodates strangers during the continuance of bad weather. Serpentine walks are traced through the bosom of the forest, which the seekers of health, or as it may be, the votaries of fashion, prefer to frequent when the weather allows. The well of Sauveniere is about half a league beyond the latter, but equidistant with it from the town. The buildings here are more commodious; but the situation is not so beautiful. Le Tonnelet is nearer Spa, and is chiefly used for bathing. There are one or two others, but those mentioned are the principal fountains. The three last mentioned springs are supposed to be remedies for all pulmonary complaints; but these distinctions, I should apprehend, originate more

in the caprice of physicians, and the fancy of patients, than in any inherent quality in the waters themselves. The distance of the three last from the town, renders expedient the employment of vehicles or horses to reach them. This sort of exercise is often useful to the delicate, especially to hypocondriacs. I therefore noticed, that the class of apparently healthy invalids were vigorously engaged all the morning in plying on horseback from one fountain to the other.

The people here, as invalids ought to be, are tolerably regular in their habits. The breakfast hour is usually half-past eight. During the forenoon they read, or walk, or lounge in the "Cabinet literaire." At three dine, afterwards walk, or drive in the evening; take coffee at eight, and retire early to bed. The theatre, the gambling table, and balls sometimes vary the regularity of their mode of living. The society at the Hotel de Flandre was most agreeable. We formed an agreeable intimacy with a Prussian gentleman, Mr. J——. He was intelligent, accomplished, and able; spoke English and French with great facility. We met here also many of the Flemish nobility. In general they were frank, affable, and communicative; had little ostentation of manner, and much liveliness of character. Their style and equipage exhibited no great symptoms of opulence. Necessity perhaps caused moderation: and convenience, likely more than the in-

fluence of custom, brought gentle and simple around one common board.

There were a daily succession of visitors at our hotel. Few remained longer than a day. Thus few additional acquaintances were acquired, and little opportunity of intercourse was offered, as seniority of residence regulated the position at the table, and, having reached its top, the same place is daily resumed. Sunday is the great day of recreation at Spa. The neighbouring gentry crowd to town in the course of the preceding evening—go to the ball—promenade after mass during the next forenoon—dine at the Table d'Hote—attend the theatre—sleep, and on the following morning return to their estates, and resume their usual occupations. There were four tables served at the Hotel de Flandre upon Sunday. Upwards of thirty dined at ours. We were incommoded at all times during dinner, but especially upon this day, with minstrels, chanters, and jugglers. This was amusing enough at first; but became a nuisance by daily repetition. One fellow, however, played upon the violin in a most superior style, in exquisite taste, and with wonderful execution. He imitated with singular effect the soft and liquid tones of the flute, and with equal success the shrill and monotonous intonation of the bagpipe. One part of this performance seemed to please his audience above all others, and that was the imitation of

the music of the mass, the drawling whine of the priests, and the shrill cadence of the choristers. The voices of the nuns, and the solitary croaking of an antique abbess, were as successfully mimicked, and produced equal merriment. I am inclined to think that the profanation of our own church service in a convivial meeting at home, would, even among the most loose and thoughtless, have awakened sentiments of disapprobation and disgust; here, however, it was quite the reverse—all seemed to relish the joke. Though strict Catholics, they dont appear very rigid Christians. They go to mass from habit, despise apparently the mummeries of their faith, and, as we observed, enjoyed amazingly its ludicrous profanation. This remark, however, is alone applicable to the higher ranks, of whom the present party was composed, always excepting the performers themselves. The peasantry appear sufficiently bigoted, because in these wilds sufficiently ignorant. We sighed at last for the exemplary quiet of a Scottish Sunday. We were stunned with the tumult, the noise, and revelry. Personal convenience, perhaps more than devotional feelings, induced me to remember with regret the appropriate observance of that sacred day at home, because bereft of the quiet which it there bestowed. At all events, the contrast exhibited between its observance here and in our own country, made us proud of the moral and

mental superiority as a nation we happily possess.

The *Redoute* at Spa comprehends all the public rooms. There is a neat little theatre included in a portion of this building. The company here represent comic operas and farces. We went occasionally, and were charmed with its admirable orchestra, and tolerably pleased with the singing and performances. After its close the whole audience, with very few exceptions, adjourned to a large room at an opposite angle of the Redoute, which contains gaming tables; and there the various speculations of *rouge et noir* and *roulette* commence. Two ladies, among many gentlemen, engaged in this hazardous and unfeminine recreation. It was two too many, and gave me a distaste, though not very squeamish, to the whole scene. Gambling excites the worst passions of the mind, —avarice, resentment, and revenge. It irritates the feelings, rankles the heart, and corrupts the principles. To observe such peculiarities in men is bad enough; but to behold such passions holding their sway over the fair sex at the gaming table, uniformly awakens feelings of mortification and disgust. Tossing up for guineas is a much more rational speculation than *rouge et noir*. There the chances are equal; but here all must know that they are in favour of the bank. Many ladies and gentlemen, however, took no share in these wretched amusements. They promenaded

the handsome room, conversed with each other, partook occasionally of refreshments, which were served out from a recess at one extremity of it, and at an early hour retired to their respective homes. The business of the following morning else could not have been undertaken—few mountain nags would have been bestrode; the Naiads of the fountains would have been deserted.

In the morning crowds of peasantry come to town with their horses, for the accommodation of the drinkers. These animals are small and compact, well adapted for the road, and the short course for which they are used. A stranger, when he first appears, is much incommoded by the importunity of these rustic horse-hirers. They have considerable keenness of observation, excited no doubt by their interest; and on the second day, the stranger's habits being known, and his preferences ascertained, he ceases to be annoyed. A horse may be had for three francs, and a carriage for six or seven, for the morning's use.

We went one evening to the ball. The room is spacious, supporting its roofed dome with handsome columns. On the outside of these a sort of corridor encloses the room, having an ordinary ceiling, round which the company promenade. The interior is occupied by the dancers. The roof is painted in gaudy colours, with groups of figures and classical devices. The company

consisted of French, Dutch, Belgic, German, and English gentry. The dances of waltzes and quadrilles. The French ladies surpassed all the others in the graceful agility of their steps, and the perfect elegance of their motions. Even our high bred country women appeared awkward and uncouth beside their polished rivals. All, save a few English girls, were plainly attired in cotton gowns of the simplest patterns, or in muslin dresses with long sleeves, chastely relieved by party-coloured sashes, simply encircling the waist, or gracefully crossing the shoulders. Their hair hung down in ringlets, here relieved by a single ribbon, and there adorned by a lily or a rose. I really thought that this becoming simplicity of attire, contrasted most advantageously with the uncouth and dashing gaudiness of a few of our countrywomen, who then furnished the means of mortifying comparison.

There were about 150 English at Spa. They generally resided in private lodgings, and like our countrymen everywhere, almost exclusively associated with each other. Thus they had an excellent opportunity of acquiring the language, and observing the manners of the people among whom they lived. None ever dined at the Hotel de Flandre, save a general, an agreeable old gentlemen, in the Austrian service. He seemed to appreciate what the French call *les agrémens* of life, —easy motion, good living, and constant amuse-

ment. He had seen much of the world, was polite in his manner, and spoke many of the European languages. He became, in consequence, a great favourite at the Table d'Hote.

We attended, with most of our countrymen, divine service upon Sunday in a large room of the old Vauxhall. The parson appeared to be here upon a speculation, like other commodities and animals, during the season. The sermon was short, heterodoxical, and poor. Much was not to be expected from a mercenary speculator, and of course little was communicated. The subscription book was forthwith sent to me; but as I was neither pleased with the preacher, nor intended to be long resident, I declined inscribing my name. I blame no man for attempting to make his vocation subservient to his maintenance; but *jobs* in all are to be deprecated. I might be wrong here, as *de gustibus in spiritualibus nil disputandum*. It appeared to me, however, that a price was exacted, and no equivalent bestowed.

Spa is begirt with rising grounds on every side. The interval is an oval hollow, beautiful and romantic, terminated on the one side by the charming valley through which the limpid Maya sweetly purls, and at the other by the brown mountains of Jailles. To the north the ridges, covered with woods, risè ruggedly over the town, and are intersected for miles with gravel walks, smoothly laid, and neatly kept. Here they pass

a jutting promontory, from which the adjacent vale is seen, clothed with verdure, or varied with cultivated fields. Beyond, the woodland slopes, which contain the fountains of Sauveniere and Geronstere, mark the outlines of the distant hills, by which they are encompassed.

After an agreeable residence of a fortnight at Spa, having drunk during that time regularly of the waters of the Pouhon spring, we left it for the Rhine. We much regretted bidding adieu to our friend Mr. J——. His pleasing manners, kindliness, and intelligence, enhanced the pleasure of our stay, and increased the regret of our departure. Continued travelling in time hardens the influence of such a feeling. The young tourist is always attracted by the agreeable, and the display of estimable qualities always awakens corresponding approbation and regard. At a public watering-place, it becomes the interest of all to render themselves agreeable to each other; and thus, where for the time the common occupations of life are abandoned, and its harassing cares forgotten, all are disposed to promote their mutual comfort. Thus agreeable acquaintances are formed, general vivacity reigns, constraint is laid aside, and mutual amusement promoted. The old traveller, or experienced sojourner at such places, is generally the most amusing, as also the most indifferent. Knowledge of the world teaches him the former; con-

stant succession of company, and living in public, blunt the feelings, and produce the last. Slight intimacies are formed. He becomes familiar without vulgarity. He is gallant without feeling. He meets with pleasantry, and parts without regret. We shall doubtless learn in time to enjoy the present without regretting the pleasures of the past, laugh with the merry, without remembering that we esteemed the kind.

We passed through Theux, and crossed for the last time its beautiful valley. The weather was unfavourable, but improved as we advanced. The country beyond Theux is well cultivated, abounding in orchards, but rarely with vines. Hills and dales succeed each other, Anon, the first assuming loftier forms, are thrown back from the vales, and nearly encircle the lower grounds. The town of Vervier is situated in the bosom of this amphitheatre of hills, relieved in its outlines by the thick wood and streaks of vegetation by which it is surrounded. We dined at the Hotel de Flandre, a good inn, of which circumstance the landlord seemed fully aware, judging from the equivalent exacted for the entertainment furnished. I delivered a letter of introduction to a friend of Mr. J——'s, with whom we made the acquaintance of the moment. He entreated us to remain; but the appearance of the place being uninviting, and the weather bad, we thanked him for his civility,

and proceeded on our journey. Vervier contains a manufactory of linens, as also of needles. Otherwise it is of little importance as a place of trade. The town is pretty large, and its natives seemed tolerably industrious. We reached Batice in good time, changed horses, and proceeded with all becoming solemnity and caution towards Aix-la-Chapelle.

Our carriage stopt at the Belgian frontier. A custom-house officer walked gravely round it; and after having completed his circumvolution, halted in front of us, and courteously desired to know whether it contained any contraband goods. We answered, that we had only our clothes in addition to ourselves. He civilly doffed his hat, and requested us to pass on. Having travelled another league, the same form was observed at the Prussian frontier, with this difference, that the officer left the determination of the point at issue to our word of honour, which having been forthwith pledged, he politely saluted, and wished us an agreeable journey. This was all exceedingly pleasant and gentlemanlike, and contrasted very unfavourably with the long detention, personal restraint, and scrupulous search, to which all travellers are subjected when they touch the British shore. The principles of a free government repose no discretion in the good faith or veracity of a human being. It is in its principal and subordinate departments alike a

system of checks. Nothing is left to the honour of an individual. Rights are guarded and interests protected through the tangible medium of a state functionary, or the rougher researches of a custom-house officer. It is infinitely more agreeable for the passing traveller, to possess the privilege of measuring his own honesty in the eyes of his neighbour. It is doubtless no check upon fraud; but it saves the derangement of one's equipage, and that is all a traveller regards.

We reached Aix-la-Chapelle at nine in the evening, and were well accommodated at the Grand Monarque. This place is celebrated for the crowning of German emperors, the signature of the treaty of 1748, and the late residence of the allied monarchs. It contains sulphureous springs. The heat of their water exceeds 140° Fahrenheit, and is used for bathing. The day after our arrival it poured torrents. We were thence prevented from walking through the town, viewing the churches, baths, or other curiosities. It was incumbent, however, to get a supply of cash; and in engaging in this laudable and necessary occupation, I had occasion to walk through some of the streets. These are narrow, irregularly built, and wretchedly paved. We almost supposed that the genius of arbitrary government already affected the appearance of the towns, warped industry, and checked adventure, and so diminished the people's comforts

and enjoyments. Every one had a dull and lazy aspect. There was no stirring about, no look of business, no appearance of manufactures or trade, at least compared with what we noticed in any of the Flemish towns we had already visited. Pins, Prussian blue, and white soap, are made in some quantities; but such occupations are limited in the means of furnishing employment, to a population of 30,000. Of course, the amount of the population, as in every other place, will be proportioned to the means of subsistence afforded. The remainder therefore live on the consumption of the opulent proprietors of the adjacent country who have houses here, and that of the frequenters of the baths.

The weather continuing bad, it appeared more suitable to proceed forthwith on our journey, than to fret and grumble all day in a parlour of the "Grand Monarque." Our host, for an obvious reason, assured us of the weather's speedy amendment; but whatever credit we might attach to his disinterested prediction, we still obstinately persevered in hastening our departure. The horses were yoked to our calash, and so we rolled through the rain and the kingdom of Prussia. The soil, as we advanced, appeared light and sandy, and the fields in general were poorly cultivated; oats were now the staple production of the soil. There was a great deficiency of enclosures. Indeed the forests which intersected

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the country in many directions, were the only boundaries to the extensive plains. The houses of the peasantry were slender, dirty, and ill-built. They were composed of a wooden frame, the intervals being filled with mud, and covered with wood, or thatched with straw. Their foregrounds might have vied with similar front plots before our Scottish cottages, in their *well-trimmed neatness, cleanliness, and aromatic fragrance.* The men in this district are muscular and strong. The women, in general, are hard-favoured and ugly; a cotton handkerchief negligently thrown over the heads of the old; a little piece of threaded net work covering those of the young, both with petticoats of the coarsest wool, and linen short gowns of the most ordinary fabric, completed their costume. The men, as indeed in all countries of Europe, saving always the Highlands of Scotland, exhibited nothing peculiar in their dress.

Juliers is a little town, and strongly fortified. It was garrisoned by a Prussian regiment. The inn was the worst we had seen, the landlord forward, pert, and garrulous; the dinner execrably cooked, and the apartments disagreeably filthy. The amount of the bill at such places is, in general, in the inverse ratio to the comfort possessed or the luxuries enjoyed. Here, however, it corresponded with the meanness of the accommodation, and the poverty of the entertainment.

We, of course, felt grateful to our host for his moderation; thought in the end forwardness, civility, and his bad house, tolerable. When honesty and wretchedness go hand in hand, the complaints of travellers are easily silenced, and discomfort more placidly endured. The misfortune is, that the bad qualities are brought into immediate and constant operation, and the consolation of the good, not afforded till the moment of departure.

We left Juliers upon the following morning at an early hour. The weather had become favourable, not a cloud appeared in the horizon. The woods, as we proceeded towards the Rhine, increased in numbers and in size. Many peasants were occupied in cutting down the trees. It seemed, as if they were engaged in redeeming the soil from the dominion of the forests. It gave the character of American enterprise to German industry. The want of fuel doubtless caused the employment, as a great portion of the land sufficiently clear of wood, lay, if not in a state of waste, at least of neglect. Indolence, not activity, seemed the peculiar character of the people. The soil certainly was not rich; but the absence of that quality in general stimulates enterprise, and produces exertion. The mode of cultivation, however, was not likely to increase its fertility and augment its productions. A little wheeled plough is used, which glides

slightly through the surface of the soil, turning the turf without labour to the horse or trouble to the ploughman. Many of these ploughs have but one, and none more than two horses attached to them. In this district oats and potatoes are most generally grown. The men and women were indifferently occupied in cutting the oats with scythes. The scythes have a frame of wood attached to their blunt edge, reaching to the same height as the grain, which it carries straightly along till the cut is completed. Upon the removal of the scythe from left to right, the quantity cut falls to the level of the ground, and remains there evenly strewed. The harvest here was later than elsewhere. The grain was not universally ripe, and little of it reaped. The houses were generally built of brick, as in England; but the cottages were, for the most part, composed of a wooden frame, like those in the neighbourhood of Aix-la-Chapelle, the intervals being filled with a cement of mud. The villages were small; their distance from each other seldom exceeding an English mile. Each contained a church with a little spire.

Emerging from the woods, an extensive track of country is beheld. The traces of cultivation are lost in the expanse which mingles in the shade of the rising hills. These are the heights of Germany—the majestic Rhine flowed between us and them—the country became more beauti-

ful and varied—we gradually descended—we remarked a large church-yard quite detached, within half a league of Cologne. The custom of burying the dead beyond the walls of towns is an improvement that ought to be universally adopted. A church-yard is not an attractive object, is often offensive, and sometimes noxious.

Cologne is a large town, extending in the form of a crescent, nearly a league, upon the left bank of the Rhine. It need scarcely be added, that this town was founded by the Romans. We proceeded to view, among other curiosities, a wall called Roman, and its inscription. The one had nearly crumbled into dust; the other was not to be discerned. An old house having some pretensions to the Corinthian order, was likewise pointed out as a Roman remain. It is in a tolerable state of preservation, exhibits somewhat of the antique character, but I dare say was built after the time of Charlemagne.

The object which principally attracted our notice, and of the antiquity of which we may rest tolerably assured, was the smooth and ample Rhine, which, flood-like, swept its majestic current past the city walls. It resembles not the perishable monuments we had beheld; it feels not the decay of nature; it flourishes in perennial youth, purifying by its freshness, and adorning in its beauty, the adjacent scene.

Cologne contains about sixty thousand inhabi-

tants. Its streets are narrow, dirty, and *odorous.* However fragrant "the *Eau de Cologne*," its aromatic qualities pervade not the atmosphere of the town. Our Table d'Hote was well frequented; upwards of fifty people dined. The party was composed of Prussian officers, travellers, and citizens of Cologne. German was universally spoken. For the first time we felt ourselves in a strange land. Wherever we had been before, all spoke French; a few English. Here, however, all were civil, but all equally unintelligible. A Prussian General who sat opposite to our party, with his wife and daughters, perceiving that we were English, attempted to address us in our own language, but, to our misfortune, we understood his English as little, as he would have comprehended our German. The readiness of his apprehension on this score, however, we put not to the test. We had a capital dinner, though perhaps to a Scottish palate, it was somewhat greasily cooked. It consisted of an endless succession of courses, or rather *rotation* of well-filled plates, carved by the landlord, and carried by the waiters round the table. The light Rhenish wine was excellent. We had our dinner and a bottle of this for two francs a head. From the circumstance of only one plate being put in circulation at a time, and every one supposing it necessary to assist in diminishing its contents, the period consumed in dining exceeded two hours. We

were serenaded during its continuance by an excellent band of musicians. Most of the party retired after dinner. Some half dozen of young officers, however, beguiled the evening, or rather the remainder of the day, for we dined at one, in determining the merits of many bottles of Champaigne. It seemed the favourite beverage here after dinner, as it is with us, during its continuance. The Prussians seem more disposed to carouse than their neighbours the Belgians, or their enemies the French. Adam Smith somewhere remarks, that the appetite for wine is measured in the inverse ratio of the facility of its attainment, the natives of countries where it is produced being distinguished for sobriety, while the people of those where it is not, are noted for the contrary. The wine is not cultivated in Northern Germany. Neither is it at home. The same cause, therefore, if the economist's theory be correct, has produced similar propensities in Prussia and in Britian, and conferred on the natives of both the character of being potent *bibbers* of wine.

We viewed an old Cathedral, commenced in A. D. 1280, and not yet finished. This might have served for an antediluvian speculation, when men enjoyed longer time to complete their designs. German slowness is proverbial, and the state of this cathedral attests their claim to the possession of that quality. We entered another

church; the congregation were at mass. We saw nothing here worthy of notice. A steam-boat regularly plies between Cologne and Rotterdam. This will bring the Dutch and Germans more immediately in contact. Both are a stationary people. The conveyance being cheap, and the accommodation good, the people of both countries will likely take advantage of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the other. It is unlucky, that owing to the rapidity of the current, the navigation of the Rhine is so limited. If its navigation by steam can obviate this inconvenience, it will be productive of incalculable advantage to the German States. As it will tend to secure the interchange of commodities at a cheaper rate, to establish national, and promote personal connection, to more firmly bind the links which unite society together, to render more improbable their dissolution by hostile separation, it will correspondingly enlarge the sphere of human happiness and improvement.

We were informed, that the number of beggars before the occupation of Cologne by the French, amounted to twelve thousand. These had fixed places of residence, peculiar privileges, and corporate rights, which they transmitted to their descendants. Thus, the profession of idleness was not only personally guaranteed, but perpetuated from one generation to the other. The powers of productive industry were restrict-

ed in their operation, and the general mass of wretchedness, by impolitic laws, proportionably increased. Bonaparte's policy was at total variance with the encouragement of idleness. While governed by the French, begging was prohibited, and, of course, idleness disappeared. Since Prussia ruled, a straggling mendicant may be met, but age or infirmity in general warrants his supplication. The French regulations are I believe yet in force, but the authorities naturally connive at the importunity of want, and condemn not the relief of the wretchedness of disease.

Cologne is a Catholic town. While occupied by the French, most of the ecclesiastical corporations were dissolved, their members dispersed, and their property confiscated, and sold for the public advantage. This, doubtless, was a harsh and unjust proceeding, but as it diminished the drones of superstition, and the number of unproductive consumers, its effect was beneficial. Religious professions of every kind, as in every portion of the Prussian dominions, are universally tolerated. The protestants are few in number, but have a small chapel of their own. There are some manufactures of cotton, silk, tobacco, and stockings, which afford employment to the inhabitants. The famous Eau de Cologne is, besides, manufactured here. A case containing six bottles may be had for as many francs.

Leaving Cologne, the following morning, its

ramparts and bastions presented a beautiful and picturesque appearance. They are irregularly formed. The turrets and bastions are entwined with ivy. The moats are strewed with plants embellished with fruit trees, and cultivated with care. Thus the bulwarks of war frown no longer in defiance. The arts of peace, and the productions of nature, have softened their rugged aspect, and lent to their rude outline, the freshness and beauty of luxuriant vegetation. The country between Cologne and Bonne is perfectly level. The hills, which seem parallel with the course of the river, gradually sink in height, and approach the opposing banks as the traveller proceeds. The limits of the plain are thus gradually contracted, but a rich and varied interval of woodland banks, corn fields, and dark green vines remains. Near the village of Godorf, the road comes suddenly upon the Rhine. It here makes a magnificent turn, sweeping the convex shore with its broad and ample stream. Speedily Bonne appeared, where, having done due honour to a tolerably substantial breakfast, we procured a valet de place to exhibit the *Lions*.

Bonne is a small town, founded by the Romans; its inhabitants do not exceed twelve thousand. It contains two or three cotton mills; one of these occupies an old monastery of Franciscans, another that of Capuchins. Thus do the once gloomy nurseries of superstition vibrate to the

animating hum of active industry,—thus do the depots of monkish indolence become the receptacles of productive exertion. The suppression of so many monasteries, and the dispersion of their inmates, by diminishing the ministers of the Catholic faith, will likewise tend to remove a principal cause of its perpetuation. Before, so many interests uniting, they naturally contributed to prolong its ascendancy. The maintenance which extensive church domains afforded to the idle and the poor, and the authority which superior intelligence, in an age of ignorance always exercised, assured to its clergy a commensurate influence. The suppression of the monasteries—the confiscation of their wealth—the toleration of all religions, and the education of the people, are in the course of obviating the many evils, which superstition generated, and ignorance confirmed. We may, therefore, confidently anticipate the gradual emancipation of the body of the people from the spiritual dominion, of which, for ages, they have been alike the victims and the slaves. The measures of the government, to this extent, demand the gratitude of the people. They have been saved the obloquy which attached to the destruction of the monasteries, and the confiscation of the church revenues; but have, at the same time, secured to the people the benefit of that injustice. In common candour, it must also be admitted that the government appears

anxious to instruct the people in the elements of knowledge. Most of the peasantry can read, many can write. This remark applies to the rising generation; the old of the present, in general, do neither. A school is established in every village of the Rhenish provinces, and is maintained by a tax imposed, in fixed proportions, upon the landlord and the tenant. The law obliges, as has been stated, all the peasantry to send their children to school. The curate of the parish and a select portion of his congregation, decide upon the claim of those poor parents who plead exemption from the payment of the school tax. If that exemption be allowed, their proportions of the tax must be advanced from the poor funds of the parish. If parents contravene the law, and neglect sending their children to school, they incur the penalty, upon conviction, of double payment of the school tax. Different academies, in the great towns, have the duty imposed upon them, of ascertaining the qualifications of candidates for teaching. These candidates, before being eligible for the office of teacher, must devote themselves to certain preparatory studies, in which indeed they generally engage in those academies, by whose members their qualifications are finally determined. Thus they become subject to the examination of those by whom they have been previously instructed. Such men are well qualified to decide upon their

merits, because the estimation of their capacity is not alone measured by the proficiency displayed at a short examination in the different branches of knowledge, but is a good deal determined by a previous acquaintance with their habits of mind, their natural talents, or their acquired knowledge. A mild temper, a chaste life, and a devout habit, are all deemed essential qualities in the candidate for instruction. These, or their opposite vices, are always considered, in estimating the qualifications of village teachers.

The schoolmasters are alone responsible to the government for the correctness of their conduct, and their proficiency in the art of teaching. District councils are appointed to examine periodically into the state of the schools, who report the result of their proceedings to the government. In the Protestant states of Prussia, I understand that the curates of parishes have delegated to them the superintendence of these seminaries, subject to the control, however, of the councils appointed for the regulation of education. All the towns too have schools, whose masters are appointed in the same manner, and who are alike subject to the same control.

This information is derived from an intelligent German gentleman, with whom we sometime associated, and, in many particulars, corresponds with Mr. Adam's account of the schools established in Upper Silesia. The government seems aware that education is the most powerful antagonist they

can oppose to bigotry, and the best guarantee that can be obtained for the preservation of "social order," not in its "legitimate," but in its liberal interpretation. They know that as the intellect is cultivated, the moral character and habits are improved; but they either seem not aware that its infallible results on the public mind, must be productive of hostility to arbitrary power, or, in the mean time, to be themselves the unwilling allies or instruments of a greater and less tolerant authority. In charity to them, and in hope to Germany, I would wish them to be the reluctant abettors of the Holy Alliance. Intelligence and political degradation cannot be long coeval with each other; one might, indeed, imagine that the Prussian government, from the anxiety they display to instruct the mass of the people in the rudiments of knowledge, were well aware of this indisputable truth, did they not on the other hand, with an unsparing and relentless rigour, check the progress of useful information, and sternly prohibit the examination of the principles of moral and political science among the higher ranks. Their fearful and their jealous policy not only prohibits the nominal discussion of such principles, (dangerous it is allowed as those discussions may be to the stability of despotic power) but leads to the prompt suspension, prosecution, or imprisonment of that teacher or professor, against whose passive loyalty or

uncompromising submission to the dictates of authority, suspicions may be entertained.

The ancient palace of the electors of Hesse at Bonne, has been converted into a university. The number of the students, we were told, exceeded 600; there are eighteen professors. The university is a long and extensive building, near the southern extremity of the town. The grounds are neatly dressed, and are interspersed with borders, flower beds, and shrubberies. A bastion is erected at a corner of the garden overhanging the river. The prospect is commanding. The Rhine, bordered by a rich and luxuriant landscape, with a rapid and majestic sweep flows through the plain; the adjacent acclivities are clothed with the vine, or tufted by the copsewood, —and the seven mountains, curved in all the varieties of form and beauty, mingling together in a softened shade, terminate the scene.

We saw a good many of those non-descript beings, so well described by Mr. Russell, the German students; they are uncouth looking animals, with long hair floating across their shoulders, without neckcloths, and having their shirt-collar folded over the back, and were in general meanly and dirtily attired. Their expression was fierce, haughty, and contemptuous. They had the cast of low breeding, and vulgar arrogance. Mr. Russell seems to have duly appreciated their general character—to have accurately drawn their manners, and to have justly

measured their pretensions. Their swaggering affectation of superiority excited our ridicule—their rude demeanour and general filthiness, our disgust. They recalled more to mind the savage character of their barbarous ancestors, natives of the wild, or prowlers of the forest, than the learned votaries of science, or the enlightened seekers of wisdom. Yet these communities doubtless contain many estimable characters, possessing the germs of future excellence, the intentions which may benefit, and the qualities which may distinguish. Their conventional peculiarities will in time merge in the useful habits of the industrious citizen, or the laudable avocations of the public-spirited landlord. One would also hope that some, ere many years have past, may be destined to become enlightened senators, and distinguished patriots. The darkness of tyranny is only to be dissipated by the light of education; and these seminaries, however trammelled in their range of inquiry or disquisition, may yet produce some bold and virtuous spirits, willing to undertake, and able to accomplish, the regeneration of their country. Should the selfishness of power still resist, and the lawlessness of despotism longer fetter, every man who values the privileges of freedom, and feels for the victims of uncompromising power, must wish success to such a cause, and hail with satisfaction its ultimate triumph.

The situation of Bonne is beautiful; the streets

are wide and clean, the houses in general elegant and commodious. The market-place is wide and spacious. The neighbourhood abounds with well-shaded walks. These are an agreeable resort to the inhabitants; and, unlike those of our own country, are in general well frequented. We were only charged about an English shilling each for breakfast, which we thought dear, having been hitherto accustomed to pay less. We saw the Archbishop of Cologne at our hotel; an important personage, who travelled in great state, with six horses and outriders. He was received with all due deference by our friend Boniface, and all suitable respect by the clergy of the town. As in duty bound, they all hastened to pay their respects as soon as his Grace's arrival was announced. In former times, the Archbishop of Cologne was a temporal prince, as well as a spiritual pastor; and therefore of more consequence in Germany. The French Republic, or Bonaparte, first gave these prelatical sovereigns a practical lesson of Christian humility; and his Majesty of Prussia has kindly undertaken to confirm the beneficial impression as relates to the Archbishop of Cologne. He is freed from all the incommoding distraction which the temporal functions of sovereignty produce, and left to the more genial engagements of his spiritual vocation. Such an act was well worthy of a member of the Holy Alliance.

Begging is strictly prohibited in Bonne, as in other Prussian towns. A provision is secured

to the poor from the corporate funds. This of course is in reality exacted from the inhabitants. Poor laws are thus not peculiar to England. A wandering beggar is treated with singular humanity. If he attempt to beg, he is apprehended by the police. If he apply to the magistracy for relief, he obtains immediate assistance; and in addition, receives a sum sufficient to carry him to the place of his residence. Such a regulation must doubtless occasion much imposition, to be obviated only by the strictest scrutiny into the applicant's statement. It limits, however, to the poor of the place, the numbers of those maintained by charity, in a milder manner than the English law of settlement, as stranger beggars will seldom make their appearance only to be sent away. The number and vigilance of the police secure the immediate detection of such.

We left Bonne with regret, and passed along fine roads, and through a beautiful country, interspersed with vines, orchards, and fields of grain. The ruins of the ancient castle of Goldeberg peer from the centre of a woodland cone. It juts with a softened shade into the blue horizon. An old round tower rises from the centre, flanked by irregular masses of wall, which sometimes stand out in peaked points, and sometimes merge in the mouldering ruins. The whole is entwined with ivy, and based with the foliage of the lower wood. The seven mountains in the distance, run in curving lines into each other.

Their sides are shrouded in the wood. Sometimes their summits are tufted with foliage; sometimes bared in jagged rocks, and then are gently smoothed away into the vale. Drachenfells soars above all, the ruins of its castle resting on the top. The broad river sweeps the centre of the scene. The whole is complete. The span of the vale, as we proceed, becomes more narrow; the hills more precipitous; the banks of the Rhine are steeper; the vines cling to higher slopes. Anon, the scene again opens. The Abbey of Nonnenwerth is beheld, situated upon a picturesque island of the Rhine. This is now converted into an inn, for the accommodation of the curious; but we preferred going on, and reached Ramagen. This is a small town, and was also founded by the Romans. It contains at its entrance some remnants of antiquity. As we advanced to Andernach, the Rhine flowed through a narrow valley, from which steep ridges rise on either side, sometimes covered with vines, and at others completely bare. The vine is cultivated in short stalks, about three feet high, propped with sticks, and is, when thus seen planted in straight lines, as formal and ugly a plant in its growth as can well be conceived. We from the north think of the vine as embowering the cottage, fringing the crevice, or curving on the slope. We conceive it as made subservient to the embellishments of poetry and ro-

mance; or as actually seen when hanging gracefully, rich in its luxuriant fruit, in our English hot-houses. Our disappointment is the greater when we discover that, far from embellishing, it deforms the passing scene. Andernach was a small frontier town of the Romans. Its walls and towers are sufficiently antique. We saw quantities of mill stones cut out of grey granite, got from the neighbouring quarries. These are sent to every part of Germany. Charcoal is also manufactured here. Nothing else attracted our notice.

We proceeded through a plain and ugly country for several leagues. We gradually ascended to the summit of a little hill. The sun shone a golden light athwart the lower vale. The Rhine and Moselle sparkled in its rays. The spires of Coblentz rose, as it were, from the glittering stream; and the grey walls of the impregnable Ehrenbreitzen, in frowning majesty, threw their long shadows across the vale. We crossed the bridge of the Moselle, were trumpeted* through the streets in the customary manner, and got accommodation at the "Cour de Cologne," an inn immediately opposite the bridge of boats across the Rhine.

Coblentz contains about 10,000 inhabitants. It possesses little trade, and is a place almost

* All the Prussian Postilions carry French Horns, which they generally blow, in passing through a town, or on their arrival at a stage.

entirely of consumption. It contains two palaces, one exceedingly handsome, situated near the "Grand Place." It formerly belonged to the Elector of Treves, but now the chances of war have secured its possession by the "grace of God," and the "right divine" to his majesty of Prussia. The town is prettily situated upon an angle betwixt the Rhine and Moselle. It is neat, clean, and commodious. I remarked a handsome fountain, in the centre of the town, as it appeared, erected by the French from the following inscription:

An. M.DCCC.XII.
Memorable par la campagne contre les Russes
sous la prefecture de Jules Doagan.

The Russian Commandant, when the tide of war rolled back upon the French themselves, during the period of the town's occupation by his army, has laconically added underneath:

Vu et approuvé par nous Commandant Russe
de la ville de Coblentz le 1 Janvier
M.DCCC.XIV.

The fort of Ehrenbreitzen has been often besieged, but was only once taken by a species of stratagem, or rather of fraud, during the negotiations for the peace of Radstadt. A French army during the armistice suddenly appeared before it. It was not relieved; and the garrison, after enduring the greatest privations, was obliged to capitulate. After the peace, it was

totally dismantled, and its walls blown to atoms by the French. The King of Prussia, however, aware of the tenure by which he holds the Rhenish provinces, is busily occupied in rebuilding the fortifications. This work is now going on upon the most extensive scale. The works are of the most solid and costly description. Upon producing our passports, we were shown through the fortifications by a veteran Prussian soldier, equally polite and communicative. He told us, that the building operations going on had taken up three years, and would occupy seven more before completed. These kingly works appear not at all to the mind of the people. They pay for the means of keeping themselves in subjection. They don't think it pleasant to forge fetters for themselves. The beautiful valley of the Rhine is commanded from the high grounds of the fortress. It is inclosed with wooded hills, and is bathed with the waters of the Rhine and Moselle. The city of Coblentz borders the opposite shore; the plain in front is rich and well-cultivated; the mountain scenery closed the attractive view.

The king was expected at Coblentz in a month to inspect the army, the Landhwer, or national militia, and doubtless to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the wants and grievances of his Rhenish subjects. The Landhwer of the Rhenish provinces, we were informed, amounted to 30,000 men. We had for the last three or

four days passed groups of peasantry proceeding to Coblentz, to be embodied into regiments, and drilled for the purpose of royal inspection. They seemed strong, active, merry-looking fellows, well dressed, and apparently in good humour with their intended military vocation. Youth and novelty, doubtless, made it pleasant. There is something exciting in the din of arms and the parade of war, which seldom fails to attract the young, and when it assumes a successful reality, to "make ambition virtue," even in the opinion of the old. Thus the feelings of mankind combine with other causes to oppose their best interests, to perpetuate arbitrary rule, or to encourage unwarrantable aggression. It is melancholy to think, that no faith can be reposed in engagements deliberately contracted, and that mutual fear, or mutual interest, alone secures the peace of nations. Standing armies are hence formed and maintained, alike in peace and war.

The Prussian soldiers are handsome martial-looking men. They seem, however, at least in these provinces, heartily hated by the body of the people. They are foreigners to the natives of the Rhine. As such, they are viewed with jealousy and dislike; as such, too, they themselves naturally assume the tone of conquerors, and sometimes adopt the conduct of oppressors. The military domination of their late rulers, the French, was blended with much personal amen-

ity and kindliness. Politeness among them is a national trait, as well as a personal accomplishment. This quality attracts in a friend—it conciliates in a foe. The French, too, possess a peculiar versatility of character, which adapts itself to the habits, customs, and manners of every people. Hence they were comparatively liked. The Prussians are undistinguished by such national qualities. They resemble more ourselves: are rude, haughty, and unaccommodating, and appear not to know the policy of moderation in conquest. The law, doubtless, does not authorize, but specially forbids, any undue interference with the rights, privileges, or property of the people. But, in the event of its violation, to whom are the people to complain? Press they have—representatives they have none. Independent magistracy they have none. Public opinion they have none. The whole system is a subordination of tyranny; and the miserable sufferer, who would prefer his complaint to one higher in the grade of despotism, speaks not to a willing ear, nor to a correcting hand. The king and his ministers, for their own sakes, may be well disposed to prevent the violation of justice and the security of possession; but, when injustice is suffered, the voice of complaint does not, as in a free land, with electric energy, speak at once to the minds and feelings of every citizen, compelling the Government to hear; but must

be transfused and softened down through all the gradations of interested authority, before it can hope to reach the ear of the monarch, or his immediate representative.

The Government of Prussia is despotic. It has therefore no liberal constitution to describe. The will of the sovereign is the law of the land. This will has created a standing army of 180,000 men in the time of peace—the Landwher, the first class of militia, consisting of all the males between twenty-five and forty years of age—and the Landstrum, of every male above forty, whom age and infirmity have not necessarily exempted from the discharge of military duties. The first are called out annually for a month's training and exercise; the latter never, but in great state emergencies. The king has *willed*, too, the establishment of a numerous police. It is well calculated, from its efficiency, to secure the object of its formation—the prevention of crime—the detection of offenders—the correction of abuses—the suppression of public opinion. This body is said to exceed 20,000 men. The civil administration is frugally managed. The king is economical in his habits. The expenses of the different departments of the state are comparatively moderate. The maintenance, however, of an ordinary civil, and of an enormous military establishment, must necessarily require a large revenue. The taxes imposed to secure its collection in the Rhenish provinces, and in those of Old Prussia,

I understand to be somewhat different. The revenue, however, of this part of the monarchy, is derived from a land-tax, equally exigible from landlord and tenant—a poll tax—one on houses and windows, and patents, and another from the rental of the national domains. The customs are derived from the post office, lotteries, mines, and posting.

All the provinces of the left bank of the Rhine formed before an integral portion of the French empire. Though its inhabitants, as such, were universally subjected to the operation of the conscription; yet, since Napoleon generally contrived to realize his favourite maxim, that war should maintain itself, the burthens imposed on the people were comparatively light. Now, however, when the establishments of war are maintained in a period of repose, and when the army is exclusively derived from, and supported by the people, high taxes are superadded, to the inconvenience and injury of forced enlistment. The fears of the Government, and their consequent precautions, thus become an additional cause of popular discontent. They are the means of increasing the burthens and augmenting the hostility of the people.

The Prussian monarchy contains the elements of strife, it may be of dissolution. Made up of "shreds and patches" of states mutually hating each other, because neighbours—universally hating the common tyrant, because slaves—alike

forcibly incorporated with the Prussian monarchy, and alike subject to its exactions, it is probable that the first act of foreign hostility will become the signal for internal disturbance. It is melancholy to think, that the policy of the continental governments renders such a proceeding desirable. The conviction, however, that this consequence would ensue, will likely prevent the government from engaging in foreign wars. It may learn wisdom before it be too late, and redeem the pledge given to the people in 1814, of bestowing upon them a constitutional government. This, on every account, is much to be desired. All to whom we spoke, in the mean time, cordially abused the government in all its departments, from the king to the meanest functionary. I was surprised at the undisguised manner in which such opinions were pronounced, considering the influence of the active and vigilant police the government maintains: yet we were foreigners, and probably from that circumstance excited no suspicion.

At the Table d'Hote we met some pleasant people. Among others, I sat next a young Prussian officer, who had just returned from a pleasure tour through the wilds of Bohemia. He spoke French fluently—questioned me a good deal about Scottish scenery and Sir Walter Scott, the English army and the habeas corpus act. If all the Prussian officers are composed of such metal, I think that its army will soon cease to be

a fitting instrument of despotism. This young gentleman, I think, said that he had been educated at Jena. Many of his brother officers are doubtless of the same University, and probably, like him, have imbibed a taste for English literature, and a corresponding admiration for English institutions. Indeed, one worthy and intelligent Prussian friend at Spa told us, that all the young men in the upper classes were taught English as a necessary branch of their education, and that, of course, they made its history and literature a part of their studies. He himself was a living proof of the correctness of his statement, as he not only spoke our language with propriety, but was tolerably conversant with much of its literature. Such a system of tuition must in time produce its natural result. If the character of the government be not changed, it will not only awaken enmity, but organize resistance. May its voluntary act supersede the employment of force, and may kings and people alike see, that governments, to be powerful, must be just, and that they cannot be so, so long as they remain despotic.

After having retired for the night, we were awakened by a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. For half an hour, the flashes, in quick succession, glared in our apartment. Roll and explosion followed each other in terrific fury. The rain fell in torrents, and in the

interval between the deafening peals of thunder, produced a shrill and quivering noise, as if nature, alarmed, shrunk in trembling horror from her own convulsive agitations. In time the thunder ceased to roll, the lightning to flash, or the rain to beat—all sunk into repose. Most of the houses in this country have thunder-rods. We experienced a tolerably convincing proof of the expediency of that precaution.

At six o'clock the following morning we left Coblentz, and continued to ascend the Rhine. The road was excellent. The hills enclosed the river more straitly than before; their sides were steeper, and were covered with vines to the very summit. The borders of the stream are fringed with orchards, broken at times by sloping downs or rocky ascents. We breakfasted at Boppart, a small town on the river. Advancing, the hills rose to higher elevations. The rocks hung over us, in dark and rugged precipices. The stream cleft, with a majestic roll, the intervening vale. At St. Goar these rude forms gave way in the foreground, to sweeter and more attractive scenes. Gentler swells smoothed into each other. Behind the town, a hill rises of a rounded form, on whose height is perched the ruins of an ancient castle. Its dark and mouldering remains harmonize well with the naked hills and rugged precipices by which it is enclosed. As we advanced, the Rhine becomes yet more deep and

narrow. Its course is varied by the ruins of many a strong-hold, the abode, in earlier days, of "robber chiefs." Vines and orchards still strew our track. The air is scented with their fragrance. Each successive scene teems with their ripening fruit. We remarked a post on this side of the Nahe, a little river which flows into the Rhine, stripped with white and black lines. It is the national stripe, and marks the frontier of the Prussian territory.

We found posting cheap and convenient in the Prussian states. It is no doubt difficult to satisfy that voracious animal, a foreign postilion; but the establishment of the posts being placed under the immediate control of the home minister, punctuality and attention, on the part of the post-masters, are universally insured. Before starting from each post-house, the traveller receives a little note, in which the distance, rate, amount of turnpikes, and dues for greasing, are inscribed. This note is subscribed by the post-master, and is the traveller's security against fraud. The least attempt at imposition, when detected, would be promptly followed by dismissal and punishment. The traveller has only to enclose the fraudulent charge to the head of the police at the nearest town, and the consequence stated immediately follows. This is one of the few advantages which travellers derive from an arbitrary system of government. Post-

ing is cheap enough. It costs, with three horses, including all charges, about 1s. 1d. per mile. The postilions, as in France, are entitled, by the regulations, to a certain gratuity; but double the rate allowed in the Tariff is generally given. The badness of German roads, and the slowness of travelling, were at one time quite proverbial. The French, at least upon the Rhine, have remedied the first evil—the act of government the last. The postilions are enjoined to drive, on pain of forfeiture of their high office, about six English miles an hour. This is doubtless slower than in England, but much quicker than in France. Indeed, the French, with all their quickness and vivacity in other matters, are the laziest postilions in Europe.

Crossing the Nahe, near the point of its confluence with the Rhine, we entered the town of Bingen, situated in the Grand Dutchy of Hesse Darmstadt. In passing the barrier of the town our carriage stopt; a custom-house officer, of a leering expression, and slovenly appearance, asked us if our carriage contained any contraband goods. We told him that we believed not, but that he might examine. On this he looked somewhat awkward, but stammered out that he was not accustomed to incommode "Messieurs les Voyageurs," and that in return he expected that we should acknowledge his forbearance. I took the hint, tickled his palm as required, and drove on.

I had before attempted, of my own accord, to compliment in a similar way the Prussian functionaries; they invariably shrunk from its acceptance. In Darmstadt, however, as in other larger, and it may be, more enlightened states, an ostensible public duty is allowed to be made subservient to the purposes of private emolument. The acceptance of a douceur in Prussia, is promptly followed by the immediate dismissal and punishment of the offender. The comprehensive and minute scrutiny of its government, generally insures the detection of such crimes, and by such means leads to their effectual suppression. Loose regulations, and lesser vigilance, produce here their natural result. Men take advantage of the opportunity afforded, and are corrupt. Let us in every thing remember, that the absence of discretion is the best friend to honesty.

The hills near Bingen, on either side of the river, contract the intervening span, leaving a hollow bed, grooved through opposing rocks, in which the pent volume of water struggles with arrowy quickness, till it is discharged into the wide channel below. Proceeding upwards, the stream gradually increases in breadth, and its borders are enriched with cultivated fields, and thick set plantations. Its bosom is adorned with woodland isles, and the back ground with the curved outline of the distant hills. It more resembled the rich and soft variety of Windermere, than the views which rivers and their adjoining scenes ordinarily present.

Ascending a hill, the prospect widened; it was beautiful, luxuriant, and vast. The Rhine, like the calm bosom of a lake, was gilded by the rays of the descending sun. Its margin was softened in the shadows of the evening. The distant mountains blended with the azure limits of the horizon. We approached the ancient walls of Mayence, rolled through its decayed ramparts, passed its narrow streets, and were safely deposited in the Hotel *de Trois Couronnes.*

We looked at the Museum, which contained some bad pictures, at a large church, which had only the recommendation of antiquity. The Elector's palace only excited interest, because in ruins. It had a magnificent air of lofty decay. It had been the object of popular vengeance at the period of the revolution, and there still remained a remnant of its destructive violence. All here appeared to have a listless, cheerless, benumbing aspect. An indolent and despotic government chills the energies, and damps the enterprise of its people. It limits, by impolitic restraint, the employment of its industry, and influences by the apathy of its conduct, the habits of its community. Passing travellers are so apt to form impressions of a people from the character of their government, that one might fancy they beheld peculiarities which did not in reality prevail. Yet there appeared less activity and trade in this town, considering its natural advantages, bordered by one great river and near the mouth of another, than

in any of corresponding extent and population we had hitherto visited.

Although Mayence is an independent principality, we remarked with surprise that it was garrisoned by Austrian and Prussian soldiers. It appears to be the practice of the Holy Alliance, not only to interfere with the political relations, but to identify themselves with the domestic economy, of those states which are subject to their influence. It may be, perhaps, that the Duke of Darmstadt himself, is thus saved the trouble of raising and maintaining a standing army. Still the exemption is dearly purchased. The advantage of military protection is not gratuitously bestowed; and the loyal people of Darmstadt are sufficiently taxed for payment of the equivalent. Such a system is sure to produce general discontent. The military occupation of their country by the troops of other states, in itself awakens their jealousy and hate. The conviction that these troops are paid to overawe and restrain themselves, increases their resentment. Either inclination or necessity obliges the Duke of Darmstadt to receive these military protectors of his state and people. From whatever cause, the effect is the same on the minds of the community. The rights of the people,—their pecuniary interests,—the integrity of nations,—are all sacrificed to secure the domination of the bayonet. It is a system, no doubt, which

cannot endure, and must in the end recoil with tenfold severity upon its arbitrary authors, or their posterity.

One might be surprised, that the smaller states of Germany, who exist by the sufferance, or the mutual jealousy of the greater powers, subject themselves to the expense of maintaining troops. These troops cannot serve the purposes of protection, in the event of aggression. The mere *fiat* of their powerful neighbours can annihilate their existence. Witness Saxony, Genoa, and Ragusa;—witness the arbitrary annexation of parts and fragments of these smaller states, at the termination of the late war, to the territories of "the Powers." The reduction of the armies of the smaller princes, would produce universal satisfaction to their respective people. It would remove or diminish the burthens required to maintain them, and would secure the attachment of the people themselves; as such an act would itself imply the most unlimited confidence in their loyalty and obedience. Independently, however, of the suggestions of vanity and the love of patronage, feelings which but too frequently decide the strength of armies, the Germanic Diet determines the amount of the military contingent, or its equivalent, which each state is bound to maintain or contribute; and in consequence every member of the confederation must conform to the resolution of the diet. Yet, so general is the military passion, or so great the apprehen-

sion of popular resistance, that every state maintains a larger body of troops than the regulated contingent of the diet requires. The troops of his highness the Duke are the shabbiest looking fellows we have seen moulded into soldiers. A round hat, with a broad cut brim turned up on one side, with a dirty feather stuck into it; a long blue coat of an ancient cut; wrinkled white breeches, ill-fashioned; and a sort of hanging black gaiter, complete the costume. They would have done honour to Falstaff at the battle of Shrewsbury.

We sat down to a late dinner at the Table d'Hote. Before it was half finished, the seats of the table were occupied by the people crowding to supper. A bill of fare was handed round. Each ordered what he liked, independently of the other; the price was affixed. Thus, while we dined at the same table, and on the same sort of dishes on which our neighbours supped, we had the satisfaction of paying at a triple rate. We thus paid pretty dearly for a private dinner in the middle of a public company. When too late or too early for the public hours, one, when hungry, is willing to pay the penalty of a private dinner, provided he get it. A despicable peace of meanness and cunning, on the part of a rapacious host, however, upon this occasion, extorted from us the price of a private, while he took good care to secure to us the enjoyment of all the

gaiety of a crowded repast. It was easily done by mistating the supper hour. Of course he cared not a straw for the exposure of his falsehood, after the dinner was ordered, as he desired. Travelling abroad is a good deal subject to such petty vexations. They annoy in the mean time, but are generally the subject of merriment afterwards. In general, we preferred dining in public; we saw more character, witnessed national manners, and had better fare. Private dinners are for the most part the remnants of the public. So our countrymen in general, have the remains of a foreigner's dinner, in addition to the luxury of solitude, or the constant monopoly of his own party.

We crossed the Rhine upon the following morning by a bridge of boats. The river is here broad and rapid. The morning mist was yet undispersed. The nearest objects were obscurely beheld. This gave a gloomy grandeur to the scene. The eye fearfully fixed on the dark roll of waters. The bridge quivered, as the stream dashed its rapid current on the edge of every prow. The scene was peculiar; the feeling odd. It partly pleased from its novelty; partly awed from its apparent terrors. We reached the opposite shore, entered the territories of the Duke of Nassau, a Protestant prince, and passed through an uninteresting country to Hochheim. This little town would hardly have attracted our

notice, but from the circumstance of its having given a name to the noted wines which the vineyards in its vicinity produce. The production of the best quality is limited to eight acres. The peculiar position of the ground, exposed to the sun all day, and well sheltered from the winds of the north, give, it is believed, the wine which it produces, that peculiar flavour which obtains for it a preference in the market to every other Rhenish wine. Of course, thousands of gallons are sold as Hock, which were produced from other vines. Indeed, all the wines of this district are known by that name.

The country here continued bare and uninteresting, the dull scene being only relieved by an occasional glimpse of the Maine, or a passing view of the hills of Rheingau. We speedily reached Frankfort. It is a considerable town, the population exceeding 50,000. It has also the rare distinction of being free, and is thus one of the few towns that has not merged in adjacent monarchies. The animated look of its inhabitants; the appearance of enterprise presented; the proofs of opulence which its spacious streets and its elegant houses exhibited, contrasted favourably with the dulness of idleness and the marks of poverty, observed at Mayence. The town is built of red and white stone; the inns are excellent. An arbitrary and oppressive law, which prohibited all strangers from residing in

private lodgings, except during the period of the fairs, has been repealed. The inns are nevertheless better frequented, and the accommodation and entertainment, as might have been expected, from the destruction of the monopoly, improved. We dined at one o'clock with about sixty people. The dinner was tedious, occupying about two hours. It was not finished, when a taper and segars were put in circulation for the accommodation of smokers. These necessarily comprised a great majority of the men, and became the signal for the ladies' departure. Smoking, however, in this country, is not only an afternoon relish, but is indulged in by all ranks to inordinate excess, every hour of the day.

The merchants of Frankfort have for centuries enjoyed the character of being active, enterprising, and industrious. These qualities, if no adverse circumstances intervene, secure their own reward. Many have of course amassed splendid fortunes. They are the bankers of Germany. The position of the town on the Maine, and its proximity to the Rhine, make it the *entrepot* through which all commodities of German production are conveyed to other parts of the country, or to their foreign destination. Its natural situation being thus favourable to commerce, will always obtain for it an excellent trade. The established religion is Lutheran; but a considerable portion of the people are Calvinists and

Catholics. These in former times were strictly excluded from sharing in the government. I was informed, that more enlightened principles regulate its existing policy; and that every office of the Republic is alike open to all the citizens of every religious denomination. It is strange that England forms almost the only exception to the practical recognition of the great principles of universal toleration. Spain and Portugal are the only European states, which maintain with her the odious principle of political proscription on account of religious belief. She is really honoured in this alliance of intolerance. The monks of both countries are its guarantee, men well worthy of each other. Persons in that vocation have luckily changed places in society. Centuries ago they formed and guided the spirit of the age. Now they are far behind it. They are the dead weight on the career of intelligence, and may for a while check that improvement which they cannot prevent.

Frankfort is surrounded by elegant villas, the abodes of its wealthy merchants. These are for the most part erected on the site of its ancient ramparts. At the termination of the war in 1814, the king of Prussia had the good fortune to convince the inhabitants, that ramparts only restrained the progress of improvement, and impeded the extension of the city. The members of the government, in their collective capacity, were per-

haps easily convinced of a truth, from which, in a personal one, they might derive advantage. The ramparts were razed, and handsome villas sprung from their ruins. No doubt sieges, stormings, and sackings, are very disagreeable events. So said a member of the Royal Holy brotherhood, and so appears to have thought the government of Frankfort. The demolition of the walls was not, I dare say, recommended with any view to the forcible possession of Frankfort, and the extinction of its political independence. It grew out merely of that system of efficient constraint, by which every continental state is held in immediate subordination to the Holy Alliance. Thus the means were promptly afforded of suppressing every symptom of a spirit hostile to their own. The little republics of Europe, popular in their character and form, are by such, or like proceedings, overawed and prevented from expressing their opinions and feelings, upon the arbitrary acts of despotic sovereigns. If a town were walled, resistance might be offered, and other countries might interfere, at any breach of the law of nations, by its attack. The vicinity of hostile armies, and the want of the means of defence, secure an influence in the councils of the citizens, and dictate obedience. Here, no apparent right is invaded; no principle of international law compromised. The arts of diplomacy obtain the recognition of that despotic

principle, which the rights of the sword could only otherwise uphold. The small principalities of Germany, and the aristocracies of Switzerland, are easily silenced, because among them there are comparatively few to threaten, to gain, or to cajole. Frankfort is more democratic in the forms of its constitution, and therefore the vicinity of foreign force, and the absence of defence, alone secure prompt obedience to the law of the sovereign dictators. The cloven feet of that gigantic image of tyranny, the Holy Alliance, have twice been openly disclosed in the occupation of Naples, and in the invasion of Spain. The representatives of a regenerated people disregarded its threat. The strong arm of power was but too successfully wielded; and the infant liberties of both recklessly put down. The remonstrances of subordinate states are met with threats, and their contumacy with attack. Such is the system of the Holy Alliance, and such its operation. Princes and people are alike its slaves.

The government of Frankfort is republican, but very complicated in its form. I believe that, in substance, the burgesses elect the councillors; these the senators; and these the mayor. Their army does not exceed five hundred men. Their citizen soldiers are of an awkward gait and slovenly appearance. They are of little use. A small and well-organized police would perform all the civil

duties required from the soldiers. The parade of sentries might be safely dispensed with. In short, this army of five hundred men, are about as useful to the state, as the City Guard of Edinburgh was in former days, to the town. The taxes are moderate, and in general are indirectly imposed. I was told that a householder, of three hundred and fifty florins of income, was only liable to an assessment of five or six florins of direct taxes. Commodities of all kinds are said to be cheaper here than elsewhere. We bought several articles, but found no difference in their relative price to similar commodities in other towns. Books, for instance, are a staple production here; and the tax on paper being less than elsewhere, ought to have a corresponding effect on the price. Books, however, were dearer than at Paris. The inn charges were moderate, such as we generally paid when not imposed on.

The suburbs are beautiful; are strewed with villas, plantations, gardens, and shrubberies, which vary and enrich them. A public walk surrounds the town. At a point of its intersection with one of the public entrances, a handsome monument of brass has been erected by the king of Prussia, to commemorate the gallantry and death of the prince of Hesse, who fell here in defending the town from the attacks of a French republican army. This structure bears, from its inscription, to be the result more of kingly

policy, than of personal respect. It is plainly intimated that the prince fell in the righteous cause of legitimacy and social order, against that of irreligion, democracy, and discord. His conduct is held forth as well worthy of the imitation and praise of the virtuous citizens of Frankfort. It is thus that these holy legitimates attempt to make every past event, and every present interest, subservient to their will. It is thus that they wish to guide the opinions of men, not through the enlightened deliberations of senates, or the unfettered discussions of the press, but by the rational intimation engraven upon brass, that death in the cause of kings is virtue, but in that of the people, crime. Every man who looks upon this monument must feel compassion for the fate of the gallant prince whose fall it records; while at the same time, he will scorn the mean policy of a government, which attempts to convert the kindlier sympathies of our nature into the means and instruments of its own degradation. This would follow, if it sanctioned the pretensions of the despot and the prostration of the people. Such stale devices would prove vain indeed, so long as unsupported by a more powerful instrument. The reasoning of the bayonet, however, is an additional inducement to obedience, which cannot be well resisted. It is an argument that only can be answered by its counterpart; and this *ultima ratio* of people, as well

as of kings, will, sooner or later, be triumphantly employed.

We proceeded next morning through an unvaried but productive country to Darmstadt. It is the capital of the Dutchy of that name, and the residence of the Grand Duke. It is a small town, the population not exceeding 15,000. Its general aspect presents a singular mixture of aristocratic pretension and German poverty. The streets are spacious and well kept. In the vicinity of the palace, the houses are handsome and regular, and this gives it thereabouts the air of a capital. New streets are laid out, and new projects begun. The former contain few or no houses—the latter are abandoned almost as soon as commenced. Few shops are seen—fewer people. All is still—almost every place deserted. The houses of the commonalty are mean and ill built. Such gives it the appearance of poverty. The palace of the Grand Duke is spacious, and contains a cabinet of natural history, and a gallery of paintings. Both are open to the public once a week. We happened to be there upon the day it was open, and inspected both. The apartments were crowded by his Highness's subjects of all ranks and ages. The mobility demeaned themselves with great propriety and decorum in the ducal palace. The figures of many were strange—their costume more uncouth. Peasants and artisans were all engaged in viewing and

criticising paintings. More were occupied in examining the various specimens of natural history which the museum contained. They seemed, in general, to give the latter the preference to the former. Such an innocent recreation will improve the habits, if not the taste, of the lower orders. It will awaken thought, and excite curiosity—supply topics of conversation among themselves—occupy those leisure hours which might be otherwise indolently or mischievously passed. Some of the pictures are good—many very bad. The names of Raphael and Corregio were attached to many of these productions. Most of them, as may be imagined, were copies, but in general were tolerably executed.

The reigning Duke has the character of being an indolent man—is much devoted to music, and in consequence maintains one of the best operatic companies in Germany. The opera-house is large and handsome, and is placed in the vicinity of the palace. It was not open upon the day of our arrival, and, of course, we had no opportunity of witnessing the performance.

The established religion is the Protestant, and the town contains few or no Catholics. Some have imagined that the different religions produced a corresponding effect on the habits and character of their respective professors. It does to a certain extent. The people appeared more industrious at Frankfort than at Mayence. I attribute this difference, however,

more to the character of the respective political institutions under which the inhabitants of either live, than to the different religions which they profess. Their religious belief has, I think, indirectly affected their peculiar habits. The faith of both at one period contributed to mould and influence the character of their political constitutions, because a freer political system naturally grows out of a purer religious belief. Protestant and Catholic Germany notwithstanding, alike resemble in the arbitrary character of their governments; and, as far as my own observation went, I thought the rigid Catholics of Antwerp as marked for their active, industrious, and enterprising character, as the enlightened Protestants of Frankfort. On the other hand, all must allow, that the adoption of the Protestant faith in Holland, and its political emancipation from the yoke of Spain, were the means of enlightening and enriching its inhabitants, while Catholic Flanders, groaning under the iron gripe of the despot, was sunk in ignorance, poverty, and superstition.

We next day proceeded through a fertile and beautiful country to Zwingenberg, and saw upon an eminence on the left the ruins of the castle of Frankenstein, which, judging from its remains, must at one period have been a strong and extensive fortress. Many of the peasantry reminded us of the same class in Scotland, as they

wore neither shoes nor stockings. The cocked hat contrasted as oddly with the bare legs here, as the Leghorn bonnet and its silken ribbon do with us. In so mild a climate, the want of shoes and stockings may prove to the natives a much less deprivation than it does at home. The scene became richer and more varied as we approached the highlands of Baden. Huge rocks strew the green acclivities. Their ridges wave in endless variety of form. The ivy twines through the crevice—the vine mingles with the dark rock. Deep curves sever opposing heights. The vale between is varied by the copse. Sometimes its dark shadows are relieved by the spray of the mountain torrent. Majestic elms or beech trees adorn the slopes. The wide plain is richly cultivated. The blue mountains of Alsace close the attractive scene. We went on. The hills on the left now sweep back into the interior. The interval discloses the rich and beautiful valley of the Neckar, girded by green and wooded hills, and watered by its stream. Heidelberg is reached. Behind it, perched upon the slope of a high mountain, is seen its magnificent castle. Its numerous towers peer from their base in majestic harmony. Its walls rise from the level of the vale, piled, as it were, upon each other. The adjoining steeps are broken with crevices. Their surface is sometimes varied with the ash or elm, sometimes contrasted with the vine. The Neckar

glides smoothly through the valley, bathing with its waters the foot of this romantic ruin. The woodland hills rise from behind, and are bared at intervals, from whence start forth the peasant's cot, his little vineyard, or his soft green sward. Distant ridges intersect each other, and blend with the adjacent scene, into a perfect expression of rural loveliness.

Heidelberg was formerly the capital of the Palatinate, but now forms a part of the Grand Dutchy of Baden. Its castle was taken, and sacked by the French, under Louis XIV., and, since that period, has been in ruins. It was afterwards struck by lightning, and a great part of it was, from that cause, consumed. Its interior is divided into different courts, which are partly in a state of dilapidation, and partly well preserved. In a corner of one of them, we saw a middle-aged gentleman sitting upon a broken staircase, busily engaged in sketching a portion of the ruin. I presumed to address him—talked of its romantic beauty, and of the ornamental architecture of its interior. He instantly threw his paper aside, looked up, his eye beaming with delight, and, pointing to the rich entablature he was engaged in sketching, expatiated with infinite enthusiasm upon its ornaments, as he did also upon the beauties and magnificence of the castle and its neighbourhood. He told us, in addition, that he had been engaged for fifteen

years in sketching different views of the castle and its interior. It was the constant theme of his discourse, his study by day, and his dream by night. I am no phrenologist, else I should have doubtless discovered the organs of locality and form most amply developed on this enthusiast's pericranium. As it was, I should have concluded that he was subject to a harmless derangement of intellect, but that he contrived to convert his local attachment, and its corresponding *impressions*, to the purposes of vulgar interest. While haranguing upon surrounding beauties, he gradually led us to his room—there exhibited a large collection of prints, and imparted to some of our number, a portion of his attachment at least to the representations of this majestic pile. We bought a few from him, and after some additional remarks, wished him a good morning.

We of course saw the far-famed tun of Heidelberg, of which all the world has heard. It is of enormous dimensions, and is capable of containing 800 hogsheads of wine, is 24 feet high, and 33 in diameter. Like every thing else within the desolate walls of this remnant of feudalism, it is now void. It contains no inspiring draught—nothing to reward the faithful, or to recreate the joyous. The halls echo not to the noise of revelry—are gladdened not by the voice of mirth—all is silent—all deserted.

Heidelberg contains two Catholic, and one Protestant Church. The University was founded in 1386. The number of professors are twenty, of whom sixteen are Catholic, and four of the reformed religion. Universal toleration is the principle of the government. The Grand Duke is a Protestant himself; but the majority of the inhabitants are of the Catholic persuasion. The celebrated Melancthon studied at the University, and the undaunted Luther here combated the Augustins. The weapons of superstition clashed on the armour of truth. Truth here, however, only partially prevailed. Elsewhere, it had exposed the dogmas, and for ever put down the canons of popery. Yet the effectual influence of the principles of toleration deprives bigotry here of its last defence. It has no longer the stake or the dungeon to support its pretensions, nor even the monopoly of political rights, to furnish the reward of its friends, and to excite the enmity of its foes. Thus the two religious parties amalgamate, because invidious distinctions do not foster hostility, and because the professors of both have no other external inducement to abide by the respective tenets of their faith, than that which the pride of human passion, the prejudices of education, or the authority of reason, may happen to produce. No brand of discord is thrown among them by the laws. Each therefore, as far as human infirmity will allow, re-

spects the other, and thus mutual charity, next to truth in the catalogue of virtues, becomes the handmaid of that truth's production. It assuages the bitterness of strife, and gives authority to reason.

We passed the greater part of a day very agreeably in exploring the ruin and its neighbourhood. We dined at the Table d'Hote, and proceeded in the evening up the valley of the Neckar. After driving six or seven miles through this luxuriant vale, we turned up suddenly to the right, and passed through a country tolerably well cultivated, but possessing otherwise no peculiar beauty or attraction. We had little time to observe any thing remarkable in the habits or manners of the inhabitants of the Grand Dutchy of Baden. The peasantry were decently attired, the shops of Heidelberg were well stocked, and the people active, busy, and civil. It was late before we reached Heilbronn, where we slept. We crossed a covered bridge of wood here for the first time. Its sides rise about the height of an ordinary carriage above the platform, and is roughly pannelled, having little windows at intervals to admit the light. The whole is inclosed by a sloping roof. The following morning we continued to ascend the Neckar—passed through a country abounding in corn and pasture, and about mid-day reached Louisburg, in the kingdom of Wirtemberg. The view be-

comes richer as the town is approached. The streets are broad, and the houses are regularly and neatly built. It is the Windsor of Wirtemberg. The palace is extensive and magnificently furnished. It is the residence of the Queen Dowager, late Princess Royal of England, and sister to George IV. We were politely shown through the apartments by one of the attendants, and passed through a brilliant succession of halls and galleries, every one of them more richly ornamented than another. We were at length ushered into a plain room, where we saw two domestics, in plain liveries, arranging a small covered table, one of them in the act of placing a couple of black bottles, apparently containing the wine of the country, upon it. The table was intended for the queen, who, we were informed, dined at an early hour. Her mode of living is simple—her fare apparently very frugal. The room, too, was plainly and neatly furnished. This simplicity contrasted strangely with all the gorgeous magnificence of the adjoining apartments. The dining-room was ornamented with portraits of the late King and Queen of England, and there was placed on the mantle-piece, a handsome marble bust of his present Majesty. We felt sensibly these pleasant associations of home. We felt more identified with our own Royal family than before. They were the link that more immediately connected us with recol-

lections of kindred and of home. Unity of feeling levels all distinctions. For a while we thought only of her Majesty of Wirtemberg as a kindly countrywoman, bound by the same sympathies and attachments to home as we ourselves. She is so indeed; but our relative conditions in society allow us to know it only by report.

The gardens of the palace are extensive and are well laid out. We remarked a number of young gentlemen in a military dress, walking to and fro in the vicinity of the palace. They were students of a military academy established here. Many were the sons of officers educating for the profession of their fathers.

Proceeding through a rich and well-cultivated country, intersected by vineyards, orchards, and corn fields, and varied by rising grounds, and slopes tufted with wood; after driving about twelve miles, we reached Stutgard, the capital.

Stutgard contains about 22,000 inhabitants. The streets are generally spacious, and the houses are well and regularly built. It exhibits, however, no great symptoms of bustle, activity, or commotion. The exterior of the king's palace is far from being handsome; it is, however, an extensive range of building, occupying three sides of a large square. We went through many a suite of gaudy rooms—of gilded halls, and marble galleries, till palled by the constant succession of the same sort of objects—similar in

themselves, though somewhat differently fashioned and adorned—we escaped into the garden. This is an inclosure of no great extent; contains a few narrow walks, a fish pond, and some vegetable beds. It is an unsuitable appendage to so magnificent a palace, but a perfect specimen of German incongruity, where finery and meanness are constantly contrasted. Again, the palaces of these German princes seem, in number and magnificence, to bear no proportion to the extent of their territory, or to the amount of their finances. Their architectural grandeur and ornamental magnificence assort somewhat oddly with the poverty of the princes' courts, and the homeliness of their lives. The vanity of their predecessors caused the first, their own necessities and good taste produced the last.

The king, from all accounts, is able, liberal, and moderate: he was a great favourite of Napoleon's, a proof of his ability, and when hereditary prince, had often a command in the French army. He appears interested in the welfare of his people—has, by his authority and influence, established many schools for the education of both rich and poor. A maximum of salary for the masters is fixed; and if the school fees do not supply an adequate fund, the salary is completed from the public revenue; a deficiency of amount from the first source often occurs, because the masters are obliged gratuitously to teach the

children of the poorer citizens. A certain number of the respectable inhabitants are appointed to inquire into the circumstances of those who claim an exemption of payment for education, and according as they report, the claim is rejected or sustained. However they determine, the parents are obliged to send their children to school.

His majesty seems perfectly aware that an intelligent people constitute the best and most industrious of subjects; he seems to know, in an age when authority appears to be unsettled, and the old foundations of monarchy shaken, that the education of his people must prove the surest guarantee for the preservation of the royal office, provided its holder accommodates himself to the changed character and feelings of national society; he seems aware of the necessity of sacrificing some of the attributes of absolute authority, and appears anxious to render his people worthy of participating in a share of the government. The policy of "the great powers", no doubt, restrains too decisive an expression of his enlightened intentions; but the whole character of his internal administration, and especially the universal interest he takes in the education of his people, openly manifest the quality of his opinions, and the nature of his views. One legitimate propensity strongly marks his character, more venial, perhaps, in a soldier nursed in the school of Napoleon, than in the vulgar mass of

civil legitimates; he keeps up a standing army totally disproportioned to the extent and resources of his states, as well as to the pacific character of the times. It amounts to 20,000 men. We visited an asylum for the maintenance and education of the children of soldiers, not far distant from the palace; it then contained 150 boys and 50 girls. This capital has, of course, on a small scale, its cabinet of natural history—its opera—its library—its botanic garden—observatory, and possesses some private collections of paintings.

After viewing what we thought worthy of inspection, we ordered horses and departed. The costume of the peasants of Wirtemberg presents no great variation from that of the districts we had already visited. The men generally wore cocked hats or large round bonnets, red waistcoats, and short blue coats. The lower raiment of the women did not so fully envelop the calf and ankle as it did in Flanders; motion was less incumbered by its folds. This custom might originally have been more the result of convenience than of the vanity of display; it was now the mode, and universally adopted by all. Custom often measures decorum; and although so stinted a supply of lower habiliments might be deemed, in its wearer, a gross violation of decorum in an English ball-room, it cannot be so considered in the rustic assemblages of Wirtem-

berg. The head is always bare, the women wearing a plain black ribbon round the hair, like the Scottish *snood*, with this difference, that either extremity hangs to a great distance down the back. Young and old are without caps. Youth requires no foreign aid to conceal or soften its blooming features. The tresses of the young blend sweetly with their smooth expression. The wrinkled front of age, however, appears more withered in aspect and more rigid in expression, when unsoftened and unrelieved by any external covering. The old women with their bare heads thus seemed perfectly hideous; the young, from constant exposure to the weather, were, after all, not very attractive.

The Protestant religion is that of Wirtemberg. It gladdened the eye to behold the simple church of every little village as we passed along; it reminded us of home. We had hitherto, with few exceptions, traversed Catholic states; we had admired their lofty fanes and splendid altars, yet the heart sickened at what appeared to us the gross parade, and unmeaning mummery of the popish ceremonial. We were glad to leave the land of shrines and images, of wandering pilgrims, and of adoring devotees, to enter that of a purer faith, of simpler forms, and less ostentatious pretension. Yet, to the best of our observation, there seemed little difference in the lives and manners of the Catholic and Protestant

communities. Sunday was a day of recreation to both; the opera, the promenade, and the café, were alike frequented by the Catholic and Protestant. The Catholic went to mass, the Protestant to prayers; and both afterwards mingled in the same amusements.

We proceeded by a hilly road to Waldenbach. The country was partly cultivated—partly intersected by woods. This was a long and tedious stage, as our postilion did little more than walk his horses throughout its course. The next stage, to Tubingen, pretty much resembled the preceding. The town is pleasantly situated on the brow of a slope, round the base of which the Neckar gently flows. It contains a university. We entered about eight in the evening. The students were idly lounging in groups to and fro, equally wild and reckless in their appearance as their brethren of Bonne and Heidelberg. We merely changed horses at Tubingen, and then went on to Hechingen. The country appeared romantic and rich, but darkness coming on, we soon ceased to see it.

Hechingen is a miserable town, possessing a miserable inn, and full of miserable-looking people. It is, however, not the less the capital of a German state. The potentate of this great principality, at the time of our arrival in his capital, was residing at Basle, for the benefit of the waters. While walking in the neighbourhood, the

day after our arrival, I remarked a small two-story house, of rather a grotesque form, much resembling an inferior-looking villa, built and ornamented in the worst taste: I also observed a man parading in front, of a nondescript appearance. The drawn cutlass in his hand, and the military cap upon his head, denoted the soldier; while the rest of his habiliments exclusively marked the civilian; he had a good deal the cut of a bandit. I inquired to whom the villa belonged, and was told, with becoming solemnity, that it was the palace of the hereditary prince. The warrior in front was, of course, a member of his serene Highness's body guard, and was then engaged in the loyal duty of protecting the palace and person of his liege lord. We were informed that the whole revenue of this principality did not exceed 8000 florins per annum. The pretension of a palace, and the *state* of a guard, in such circumstances, excited feelings of ridicule rather than those of respect. Poverty and pretension always produce such an effect. A small state like this, to command our respect, should be republican in its form and constitution. Magistrates without state, or high-sounding titles, are best adapted for its government. Then poverty itself creates a claim to regard, because it is for the most part united to personal integrity and political independence.

We remarked the old castle of Hohenzotllern

upon the summit of a rising ground, about a league from the town. It had formerly been a fortress, but was now converted into a prison. We walked some way up the ascent on which it was placed; saw numerous herds of cattle, and were rather noisily saluted by one of the barbarous herdsmen. He thought proper to indulge, to our no small discomfort, in a horrible flourish upon the small wooden trumpet he had in his hand. We gave him a few coppers, upon which he scampered off, apparently satisfied with his good fortune. The people of Hechingen are oppressively polite. As we walked along, men and women most courteously saluted. We happened to meet crowds. Our walk, therefore, was accompanied by an endless succession of bows. The religion of the state is catholic. The town, however, contains a few protestants. The costume of the women possesses much more of the Swiss character than any we had yet seen. Short blue petticoats,—immense shoes,—chained ornaments,—and broad brimmed straw-hats, decorated with flowers, completed their dress. The men wear huge cocked hats.

We recommenced our journey upon the following morning. The country assumed a more varied aspect. The hills were more rugged in their forms;—the intervening vales wilder and more romantic in appearance. The weather was serene and beautiful. Towards the afternoon we reach-

ed Duttingen, situated on the banks of the "dark rolling Danube," here a stream of little magnitude. Yet, independently of association, it is neither devoid of interest nor of beauty. The Boniface of this small town was much disinclined to allow us to slip through his hands, without at least retaining some remembrance of our transit. He extolled the superiority of his accommodation, and the excellence of his fare. He deprecated our departure: the road was wretched,—Schaffhausen could not be reached before its gates were closed,—and no intervening house was worthy of receiving us. This was bad policy in him, as the interest he professed expressedly for us, inclined us to believe was in reality felt for himself. This made us the more anxious to depart. We persisted in ordering horses, and, having dined, proceeded on our way. To do our landlord justice, his fare was excellent, and his bill moderate. We found, as he had stated, the road bad; as also that we could not reach Schaffhausen that evening.

Duttingen is placed in the hollow of a vale. After gaining the outskirts of the town, we immediately commenced our ascent. The road was steep and rugged. We walked by the carriage. At the summit we traversed for a while a thick wood. Disengaged from it, we ascended a little height, from the top of which an inclined plane extended in front, rich in vegetation, and varied

with thickets. The bosom of the valley glistened with a silver light. It was Lake Constance that we there beheld. The mighty Alps of Tyrol rose in majestic grandeur from the depth of the vale. Their broad and ample outline swept the horizon. Their white summits sparkled in the sky, and their dark brows shadowed the plain. The sun sunk in the west. It was soon dark, and we reached Engen, the last town in Baden, where we reposed for the night.

Next morning we proceeded on our route, passed through a country intersected with corn fields, and abounding in fruit trees. The vine, however, had ceased to appear. At noon, we passed the German frontier, approached the walls of Schaffhausen, and felt happy to enter the free cantons of Switzerland.

Schaffhausen is situated upon the Rhine, and is the capital of the canton of the same name. This canton only comprises about fifteen square miles, and contains about thirty-two thousand inhabitants. Its surface is varied by rising grounds and shallow vales. These are highly cultivated, abounding with rich pasture and extensive corn fields. The town is small, and irregularly built. The streets are narrow, the pavement is ill kept, and the houses in general have a shabby appearance. During the late war, the neighbourhood often became the scene of contest between the Austrians and the French; and the town was in conse-

quence, at different times, occupied by both. Many years ago, an ingenious mechanic undertook to connect either bank of the river by a bridge of one arch; but the magistrates, in the plenitude of their wisdom, believing that such would be unsafe, determined that the bridge should consist of two. The architect, accordingly, to quell their fears, and at the same time equally to execute his bold and masterly design, made the span apparently repose upon a centre pier, thrown up from a rock in the middle of the stream; while in reality it was so poised and proportioned, that it was alone supported by the abutments on either bank. The river at the site of this bridge is one hundred and forty yards wide. This ingenious specimen of architecture was burned by the French in 1799, and has only been replaced by a frail and clumsy wooden bridge.

The government of this canton is vested in about two thousand burgesses, by whom the council of sixty and the senate of twenty-five are elected. The first, of which the last are also members, comprises the legislative body; and the last exclusively forms the executive government. The council also constitutes a court of appeal in civil causes. The burgo-master is the chief magistrate of the republic, is the president of the senate, and receives a salary of five thousand francs, or about L.200 per annum.

The accommodation was good at *La Couronne.*

The dinner hour was half-past twelve, somewhat earlier than is even customary at the German hotels. However, nothing loath, we partook abundantly of its substantial fare. We met a French lady and gentleman at the Table d'Hote, of agreeable manners and pleasant conversation, with whom we agreed to proceed to the Fall in the afternoon. Previously we walked to the environs, where, from a shaded promenade, we commanded a delightful view of the dark blue Rhine, here swirling past in its narrowed bed, and there struggling through its fractured current. Limpid sheets of the blue element swept past the projecting cliffs. These expanded into a soft and swollen surface, and glided gently through their embedded banks, till the broken rock or the sharpened pinnacle stayed their course, and turned, as it were, the edge of the waters, leaving many a purling rill foaming in the sunbeam, and many a shelving cascade sparkling in the fall. The green banks were varied by the hazel and the vine,—were here cleft with ravines, and there shaded with brakes. The slopes beyond, interspersed with hamlets, or darkened by copses, gracefully intersect each other's lines, and blend in the distance, with the blue horizon.

We drove to the Fall. Glimpses of the Rhine gleamed upon our path. Rich banks clothed with vines, orchards, and verdure, marked its

sides. We traversed a wretched looking village,—descended from our carriages,—and, by a winding path, sloped down to the mighty crash of waters. We gained a wooden balcony placed on a terrace of the rock, and there the whole volume of the majestic river was seen disgorging its mass with an overwhelming throw, into the abyss beneath. The noise is astounding, and the sight sublime. Passing by a sort of gallery formed on the cliff, the spectator is brought to the right extremity of this awful torrent. Then the columns of white foam seem, in gigantic masses, to hurl with resistless force, their swelling sides upon each other, till reaching the lower gulph, they sink into the stream, from whence the thin element, rising like an exhalation, veils the broad surface of this majestic fall. Sometimes the spectator is caught in the spray thrown out by the liquid arches of the rolling waters. Sometimes he may gaze untouched across its translucent surface, and behold reflected within, the softened and beautiful shades of the quiescent rainbow. We were alike gratified and awed by the grandeur and terrors of the scene. We thence proceeded, by a foot-path down to the river, at the distance of two hundred or three hundred yards below the fall. There the object which was before awful and tremendous, became, in perspective, most perfectly beautiful. The sun lightened to a silvery hue the dashing current,

as it glided over the rock. The peaked rocks, tufted with green foliage, as they quietly rose from the centre of the cataract, contrasted, as it were, the repose of nature with its awful roll. The agitated waters below gradually subside till they reach the gentle current on which we floated, where they resumed their blue and transparent colour, and flowed smoothly through the vale. Deep precipices on either side were darkened in the shade, and threw out more vividly the radiant and the crystallized curve which glistened in the sunbeam, as it mingled with the pool beneath. The prospect was surmounted on the right by the chateau of Lauten, and on the left by green banks overhanging the stream. These conformed not with the rugged grandeur of the scene. The sloping vineyards, and the paltry looking chateau, produced a mean effect, when contrasted with the frowning rocks below, the roaring cataract, and the magnificent rolling of its waters. The chateau of Imworth is built upon a rock at the extremity of a point projecting into the river. It is a circular tower, and there we beheld the reflection of the fall in a camera obscura. Returning in the boat to the point from which we had sailed, we ascended by the footpath once more to the village, and thence proceeded to a pavilion overhanging the river, above the fall. The Rhine from this point was

disclosed in the distance smoothly winding through the vale, till, in the course of its descent, the peaked and fractured rocks opposed the gentle gliding of the stream. Its current was split into many a silver line, and the white foam dashed against its steep and rocky banks. As the current approached the brink of the precipice, it quickly lashed the intermediate rocks, and with impetuous velocity, changing as it rolled its sable form, to a sparkling sheet of spray, plunged into the lower deep.

We returned to Schaffhausen by the banks of the river. The evening was serene, and the walk delightful. A footpath led through the vineyards which clothed the slopes. An opening sometimes disclosed the majestic river curving through the vale. At others, the tufted groves, and the thick vines, and the green banks, concealed it from our sight. The view was lovely. There are times when such scenes impart not only pleasure from their mere contemplation, but awaken in the mind of the beholder feelings of a soft and gentle kind, which harmonize well with the sweetness and the beauty of external nature. At such an hour the eye is alike pleased, and the heart alike softened. There is something in the beautiful of nature, in all her works, that fails not to bind as with a spell the heart of man; something in its qualities which reflects the

image of its own loveliness on the mind of the observer, and leaves impressions which absence cannot quench, nor time efface.

In the evening we supped with our French friends at Schaffhausen, from whom we received some useful information relative to our intended tour in Switzerland, as also a pressing invitation to visit them in their own country.

We proceeded on our journey next morning, with hired horses, towards Zurich. On the road we met many of the country people going to Schaffhausen, to attend a fair, all attired in the peculiar costume of the country. The cattle which they drove along, both cows and oxen, were of large dimensions, well fed, and ready for the market. The country continued varied and interesting, and appeared productive. We crossed the Rhine at Eglisau, and breakfasted at the small village of Bulach. There the view of the surrounding green and woodland hills is beautiful, from the peculiar combination of their forms; but that of the intervening plain is most distasteful, from the state of wildness in which it is allowed to remain. It is of considerable extent, exceedingly fertile, and a common. It is, from the latter circumstance, difficult to appropriate. In a country less hampered by hereditary custom, and already knowing from experience the advantages of subdivision, such a difficulty would soon cease to exist. We proceeded on our jour-

ney to Zurich through a rich and tolerably cultivated country, and in the course of a few hours reached the hotel de L'Epée, where we were introduced into the same apartments I had occupied ten years before.

Zurich was the first town in Switzerland which embraced the reformed religion. This measure was principally effected by the unceasing efforts and inextinguishable devotion of the celebrated Zuingle to the cause of the reformation. He was a man, from all accounts, of an amiable and attractive character—liberal in his principles—mild in his manners, and benevolent in his actions. In him devotion was unmingled with austerity, contention with bitterness, or opposition with hate. With him difference of opinion engendered no rancour—produced no intolerance—was undisgraced by persecution. And thus the fruits of Christianity were reaped by Christian means, charity, benevolence, and reason; and these alone combined to put down error and establish truth. It had been well for the character of the reformation, had a kindred spirit of benevolence and peace everywhere prevailed, and that its course had been untarnished by intolerance and unsoiled by crime. Such are the infirmities of man, however, that the worst passions of his nature mingle with the best of causes, and disgrace in their career the noblest of actions. Mutual excitement and mutual irritation, seem to be mea-

sured by the importance of the subject, and the interest it awakens. From this cause uncharitable feelings are produced—the sincerity of our adversaries questioned—intolerance is roused, and hatred, vengeance, and persecution follow. And thus did even the undaunted Calvin, and others of the early reformers, lamentably imitate the relentless policy of their opponents, and belie the very principles of which they themselves were the boldest and the ablest expounders, by persecuting and destroying those by whom they were opposed.

The population of Zurich does not exceed 11,000. The number of burgesses is 2,500, which comprises a great part of the male adult population. The sovereign power is vested in them. They elect the council of 220, who, with the senate, constitute the legislature. The council elect from their own body the senate of 50, from whom the magistrates are appointed, and in whom is exclusively vested the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the state. If the account we received be correct, the mode of administering criminal justice is exceedingly arbitrary. One of the young senators extrajudicially inquires into the case, proceeds to the examination of evidence very much in the manner pursued in taking a Scotch precognition, and communicates the result of the information thus obtained to the senate, who deliberate and decide, with shut doors, upon the

merits of the case. It is hardly necessary to remark, that such forms of criminal judicature must, in the nature of things, be fraught with injury and injustice. To the disgrace also of a government boasting of free institutions, and of a mild penal code, the savage practice of inflicting torture has not been abolished; but its infliction is justified, on the ground that the law requires a criminal's confession of his guilt, to corroborate the evidence adduced against him, before punishment can be inflicted. Thus a violation of the first principles of criminal justice in the law, becomes the warrant of a brutal and a barbarous means of extorting an acknowledgment of guilt.

The population of the Canton of Zurich is about 183,000. It is, generally speaking, a lowland Canton, and its productions, in consequence, consist of grain, wine, and cattle.

The town is placed amidst rich and luxuriant rising grounds, sloping gracefully into each other, varied by hills, groves, and vineyards. It is covered on the land side by its ramparts, which rise in grotesque variety, the one above the other. The smooth green sward sometimes decks the terrace of the one, and the thick grove sometimes varies the uniformity of the other. The lake is its defence to the south. The windows of our apartment looked down upon its bosom. The sun sparkled on its waters. Its winding course is traced through the rising hills. Its bays

gracefully sweep the adjoining shores. The slopes, as far as the eye can reach, are studded with hamlets, or adorned with villas. The alpine cliffs rugged in their forms, or peaked in their summits, clothed in mantles of eternal snow, bound the horizon. Two branches of the rapid Limmat intersect the town. The stream of one bathed the walls of our inn. Part of it is built on a sort of platform, resting upon stakes, in the bed of the river. It was about six or eight feet deep, immediately under the windows of our apartment; and such is the purity of its water, that we beheld myriads of fish of all sizes gamboling in the stream. This part of the town is connected with the opposite bank by a long wooden bridge. At the distance of 300 or 400 yards up the Limmat towards the lake, a round tower starts from the centre of the stream, and is connected with either shore by another bridge of wood. This tower is used as a prison. Criminals are placed there before their trial, and are forced by examination, solitary confinement, and even by the application of the torture, to confess their guilt, or, it may be, to deny their innocence.

A few sumptuary laws are still enforced, and even regulations, having for their tendency the detection and punishment of immoral conduct, were not many years ago carried into effect. The first are impolitic, as they equally apply to the rich and

poor, and injudiciously limit the expenditure of the one class, to the obvious detriment of the other. For instance, the citizens are prohibited from using carriages, and in consequence the trade of a coachmaker, and the varied kinds of labour that occupation requires, cannot be exercised by any of the meaner citizens. Numerous and complicated laws beget abuses. Security of person and property require that some acts should be prohibited, and, if committed, punished, for the public good. Immoral acts, however, are so many in themselves, so difficult to prove, and so differently appreciated, that the judicial cognizance and punishment of such actions must often lead to arbitrary interference, capricious decision, and to the committal of the most rank injustice. The remedy here must prove greater than the evil to be removed. The suppression of these acts is more safely left to the discretion of mankind—to the correction of public opinion—to the influence of moral restraint—to the dictates of conscience—to the remonstrances and admonitions of the ministers of religion. So found the inhabitants of Zurich; and the laws against immorality are, I understand, either repealed, or, like many of our ancient Scotch laws, have fallen into desuetude.

The clergy of the different parishes of the Canton constitute a synod, who, as in Scotland, take cognizance of church causes. There are

fourteen ecclesiastical districts, over each of which a dean presides. These deans form an inferior synod. This is the lowest ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The next in order is the ecclesiastical council, composed of the ministers, professors, and magistrates of the town. The highest is the general synod, which assembles once a year. Causes may be appealed in succession, from the lowest to the highest jurisdiction.

A saving bank has lately been established at Zurich. Formerly, the poor had no means of profitably investing the small sums they might have accumulated, and of course had little encouragement to save. The most salutary effects may be anticipated from the formation of this establishment.

The government regulates the education of the people, appoints professors, determines the course of study, and enforces the attendance of the children of the lower orders at the schools, established for the benefit of that class of the people. No begging is allowed. The taxes imposed are trifling in amount, a burgher of L.300 per annum being only assessed at the rate of one per cent. of his income in behalf of the government. All the young men are trained to the use of arms; and we saw many in their uniforms returning from exercise.

I knew no difference in the appearance of this town from that which it presented ten years be-

fore. It was not greater in extent, no additional houses had been erected, and no new manufacture established. One would imagine that Switzerland had reached the maximum of its population and its wealth. A stranger is struck with the stationary aspect of things here, as compared with what he beholds at home. In the interval stated, streets to the whole amount of the size of Zurich have been added to the city of Edinburgh. To London have been added, I dare say, ten times the number. It may be, that the pride of a poor people, disdaining to devote themselves to productive employments, or it may be, that the operation of the sumptuary laws, limiting the rivalry of mutual extravagance, lead to the preservation of purer manners, and to the practice of a simpler life. Pride, inactivity, and indolence, I fear, however, only go hand in hand; and I feel inclined to believe, that industrious and profitable occupations are as well calculated to promote the interests of virtue, and of pure religion, as a life of idleness and repose. Besides, it is only through the production of capital that new beings can be called into existence, and in consequence the mass of human happiness increased. The policy of Switzerland seems at variance with the production of this result, and to that extent proves injurious to its interests.

Before leaving Zurich I visited the monument of the illustrious Gesner. In proceeding thither,

I noticed one of the boats of the country pass under the bridge near the inn. It contained fifty or sixty people—darted through the arch with a pitching motion, and swept down the current with incredible velocity. It seemed a hazardous proceeding, but I presume is unattended with danger, from the frequency of its occurrence. Zurich was also the residence of the enthusiast Lavater. He met his death by a musket shot, when the town was attacked and entered by the French army, while in the act of rescuing some of his fellow-citizens from the assaults of a party of the enemy. I am not aware that at this time of day a single inhabitant of this or of any other town attempts to support his preposterous system.

We proceeded on our journey by the margin of the enchanting lake of Zurich, nearly to Hovgen. The sun glistened on its waters. Its luxuriant banks teemed with a thousand beauties, and its surface was tinged with a thousand shades. We came to a steep ascent. We had three horses yoked to the carriage; but the heat of the weather, and the ruggedness of the road, induced our postilion to attempt procuring the aid of a fourth quadruped. This was obtained, but not in the shape of a horse. For lack of that animal we were accommodated with a cow, which was forthwith converted into a leader, and effectually contributed to facilitate our transit over

the mountain. Indeed, cows in this country seemed to be indifferently used for milking, ploughing, and carting. It was the first time, however, that I had seen one yoked to a carriage. We gained the summit. The descent was steep and rugged. The drag was not sufficient to impede the motion of the carriage. An additional wheel was made fast with a rope, and even then we descended with difficulty. It was the steepest and the worst carriage road I ever beheld. Glencoe is a joke to it. We drove through the beautiful and romantic valley of the Sihl, watered by its river; rich in pastures, in vineyards, and in groves; and shortly afterwards arrived at the small town of Zug, situated upon the lake of the same name.

The constitution of the canton of Zug is democratic. Its population only amounts to 13,700. It is divided into four districts. The inhabitants of each annually assemble, for the purpose of deliberating upon the affairs of the republic, and of enacting such laws as the public exigencies may demand. A majority of the citizens of each district must acquiesce in the measure proposed by any, before it can be recognised as a law of the republic. The Landmann, or chief magistrate, is elected by the citizens of each district. They also elect the council of forty, each nominating their own proportion, who compose the judges and administrators of the state. The

women in general in this canton go without hats. The hair is plaited, and the plaits are interlaced with party-coloured ribbons, which in two ends extend from the extremity of the hair down to the heels. They wear a sort of linen spencer peaked at the edge, folded over the back, leaving the bosom exposed, with side sleeves reaching below the elbow. The gown is generally of a dark blue, or brown colour, over which a short skirt is thrown, for the most part made of materials of a striped pattern. A light coloured apron completes the attire. The boat-women wear broad rimmed bonnets made of straw.

After remaining a short time at Zug, we engaged a guide—procured a boat, and directed our carriage to proceed to Lucerne; and there to await our arrival. We obtained some provisions from the inn, embarked, and on the surface of the lake made a merry and a sociable dinner. The scene was beautiful and imposing. The lower range of hills sloped in different lines to the lake. Their green sides, tufted with wood, or relieved with hamlets, were surmounted by the lofty Rigi and the peaked Pilate. The day was inviting. The sky of deep blue was only varied by light grey clouds, which gracefully skimmed the ridges of the hills. In two hours we reached the village of Art, at the extremity of the lake. Upon landing we were instantly surrounded by guides, horse-drivers, and beggars, who alike

obstreperously importuned, as their respective vocations dictated. Our presumed ignorance of German, which the shelter of a guide almost implied, secured us, in some degree, from the annoyance of personal solicitation. It thus became only a second-hand nuisance. They followed us for a while, like savages bent on their prey; but our guide seemed to make them quietly understand that we were to be reserved as a *bonne bouche* for some more fortunate native of the vale, and in the end we certainly proved a good swallow to our host of the Goldau. We walked leisurely through a most delightful valley for about half a league, and upon reaching the small inn at Goldau, were there accommodated with horses at an exorbitant hire, to make the ascent. We were indignant at the guides proposing to lead them. In the end our boasted mastery of the animal became quite unavailing, in the almost precipitous ascent. Our vanity was humbled. We submitted quietly to the guidance of our leaders.

We first wound up a gentle ascent by a narrow path, through green fields varied with cottages. The ascent became then more rugged and precipitous. It appeared almost impossible for the poor animals to go farther. This was nothing to what followed. The path was sometimes grooved out of the solid rock for some distance, without any fastening for the horses

feet, save a peaked piece of rock, or an occasional tree root. Then we ascended by a sort of staircase for about a mile and a half. The horses no doubt were fatigued; but indicated an extraordinary docility and aptitude, in taking the safest and easiest method to accomplish the ascent. We found it expedient to leave them to themselves. Their own habits and sagacity enabled them to trace the route more safely and easily, than any bungling management of ours could have effected. Indeed, all our boasted science of the rein was here totally useless.

We reached a little cottage overlooking a mighty screen of pine, which clothed the opposing mountain. There both horse and foot were glad for a while to repose. We took a seat on the outside of the cottage, and commanded a magnificent view of the Alps, which extend from Zug to the eastern extremity of the Canton of Glarus. The last rays of the sun beamed on the sides of the mountains. The light and shade were blended together in a softened tinge. The sweet lake of Lauerz, in the valley beneath, lightened the hollow in which it reposed. The broken rocks around, tufted with vegetation, the murmuring of the mountain rill, and the green banks immediately beneath, complete the beauty of the view. But there remains one sad feature in this equally sweet and majestic scene. Casting our eye upon the hill of Rossberg, we beheld, as it

were, a light grey line expanding in its descent towards the valley, till at last the eye discerns within its surface huge blocks of granite piled upon each other. Farther down, these thickly strew the slope, are scattered on the adjacent plain, and even many are seen on the opposing hill. We here beheld the wreck of the most awful visitation which the memory of these vales records. These are the enduring traces of that terrific avalanche, which, in the winter of 1806, buried in its ruins, as it swept like a whirlwind from the hills, the village of Goldau and its devoted population. Four hundred and fifty human beings were lost in the horrid crash, and now not a vestige of their homes remain to mark that Goldau once had been.

Being now tolerably refreshed, we advanced through a wood till we reached an inclined plain, where the path becomes smoother. We here crossed a little brook, skirted the cleft through which it purled, till we arrived at a hollow, formed by opposing rising grounds in which is situated *L'Hospice de Rigi*, inhabited by three Capuchins. It contains also two or three inns, well frequented at this season of the year by the seekers of health or the votaries of pleasure. Passing upwards by an open ascent, the moon rose from behind the shoulder of an Alp, and gilded by her ray the surrounding scene. The dark shadows of the evening imparted a solemn

grandeur to the outlines of the lower range; and the peering summits of the higher Alps lightened by the moon beams, traced in their outline a series of majestic mountains whose distant pinnacles and faint curves merged in the limits of a darker horizon. We reached Rigi Staff. There is a good inn here, but we preferred going on. At this point, from the summit of a precipice, nearly the whole of Lower Switzerland is seen, extending from the confines of Jura to the romantic glades of Lucerne. The moonshine disclosed an immense plain, streaked in its surface by some transparent lines. These marked the position of the lower lakes. We still ascended towards the summit, and reached, immediately below its highest point, the inn of *Rigi Coulme.* We found it occupied by representatives from all European countries, but, nevertheless, procured tolerable accommodation. It is a strange house, entirely built of logs of wood. Part of it projects over a descent, and is there supported upon piles fixed in the bank. All sorts of odd and grotesque figures were here seen. Guides and travellers, shepherds and waiters, horse leaders, and chambermaids, all engaged as their situation or vocation required, smoking, eating, bargaining, running to and fro, gazing at the moon, or perched upon the peak above, sifting with an eager gaze the fantastic shapes of the Alpine group, as their

varied outlines were disclosed in the extended horizon.

We got a good supper, a palatable bottle of Neufchatel wine, a sleep of a few hours, and then all, as the alarm bell noted the approach of day, huddled on their clothes, hurried half naked, and half blind, to the summit of the Rigi, and there awaited, in almost breathless expectation, the rising of the sun. It was a lovely morning. Venus still twinkled in the northern sky. The Alps rising, as it were, from the obscuring shadows of night, stood forth in the plenitude of unfading sublimity, fringed with their summits of eternal snow. The grey light of morning indistinctly traced the limits of the lower plain, varied by the rising exhalations condensing into clouds, which tinged with a light and marble hue their darker surface. The outline of a bleak and rugged Alp was now lightened with a golden ray. The sun rose majestically from behind its shade, piercing with a flood of light the lower vale, and dying with his beams the Alpine snows. The Jungfrau and the Sentis sparkle with a chastened radiance, as the sunbeams play upon their snowy cliffs. The mass of hills in the interval, thrown into endless piles upon each other, distinctly throw out their respective outlines, and, in their curved variety and jagged beauty, harmoniously blend with the majestic elevations by which they are encompassed. This is a spectacle to be felt,

not to be described. These are the triumphs of nature, sublime in vision, awful in effect.

About thirty spectators assembled on the summits to view the opening of the day. It was rather a solemn scene to behold, so many anxiously and silently awaiting the expected event. It reminded one of the Peruvian adorers of the sun awaiting the *fiat* of the ruler of the day. Unlike them, however, in the performance of the sacred rites of their burnished fanes, we remained not long in our actual position, but exchanged it for the more vulgar attraction of the breakfast table, which we eagerly sought, and the contents of which we voraciously swallowed. We then discovered, that the primitive mountaineers understood the value of an equivalent for their hospitality, as well as their brethren of the vallies, and that if we had never been more highly lodged, so we had seldom before been more highly charged. We afterwards provided ourselves with piked sticks, and walked leisurely down the hill to the valley of Goldau. This, from the distance and the extreme heat of the day, occupied more than four hours. We then procured a miserable car drawn by one horse, having one seat behind the other, and by a tolerable road, skirted the beautiful little lake of Lauerz, passed through the pastoral village of Seewen, and reached Schwyz, the capital of the small canton of the same name.

The constitution of Schwyz resembles that of

Zug, and is democratical. Every burgher has the privilege of attending and voting at the popular assemblies, upon their respective attainment of fifteen years. These assemblies elect a council of sixty members, who form the executive government, and from them the judges and magistrates of the state are elected. It was here that the people felt the grasp of their Austrian oppressors most intolerable, and it was not far from hence that some chosen and undaunted spirits planned the emancipation of their country from the yoke of that power. The men of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden, united in this glorious cause, and, in the end, contributed to the liberation of the whole of Switzerland.

The women of this canton wear a singular sort of frill, neatly plaited, raised perpendicularly from the top of the brow, round the crown of the head down to the neck like a double cock's comb. Young and old indiscriminately wear it. It is entirely ornamental, and neither shades from the sun, nor shelters from the inclemency of the weather. A frill also surrounds the neck, coming to a point in front of the bosom, which is partly bare, and partly covered with a handkerchief. The gowns are of different colours as the taste of the wearer may decide, but have uniformly attached to them short lawn sleeves tucked up above the elbow. They have also a redundant supply of nether garments, which hang down to

their ancles. Thus the calfs of all the ladies of this canton, unlike their neighbours in this, were concealed from our view.

It may be remarked, that the right of freemen is not enjoyed by all the citizens of the democratic cantons, but that the privilege is limited to the descendants of those by whom it was originally secured. Thus new settlers and their children were not, and are not permitted to have a suffrage in the state assemblies, and hence, a greater assimilation is observable in the constitution of the democratic and aristocratic cantons. On a fixed day, the free citizens assemble and deliberate upon state affairs. They repeal or enact laws, impose taxes, elect magistrates, and determine upon the policy of the canton, as a member of the Helvetic confederation. The chief magistrate presides, occupying an elevated seat in the centre. The proportion of freemen to the mass of the population is about one in twenty, so that about one in four or five of the male adult population are freemen.

These popular meetings, at which perhaps, from between three to four thousand freemen might assemble, are favourable to the production of eloquence; but the simple habits, and the untutored life of all, are by no means likely either to inspire lofty sentiments or to produce elegant expression. The tone of their eloquence, from all accounts, is of an humble and unostentatious

character, marked more by shrewd observation and abrupt appeals to the sympathies of the people, than by elaborate discussion, ingenious exposition, or refined excitement. It resembled more the simple pathos and the strong feeling of Logan's address, than the comprehensive reasoning, copious illustration, or the studied declamation of a British senator.

When the French in 1798 attempted to impose a constitution upon Switzerland at the point of the bayonet, the men of Schwyz, almost within the hearing of their cannons' roar, assembled to deliberate upon the desperate state of their affairs. Prudence and fear dictated submission, but honour and patriotism demanded resistance. Some recommended negotiation, others unconditional surrender. An old and venerable patriot stood up in the assembly, looked round with an ardent gaze and an imploring look, and trembling with emotion, not with years, gave vent to the feelings of his mind. "We are to submit," exclaimed he, "Lo! the descendants of Erni —Stauffacher and Furst are to bow the knee to foreign invaders. What is your country? Is it the mountain, the valley, or the lake? No; but the spirit of man that breathes over all. Can that spirit live in happiness, or subsist in peace, when caught in the tyrant's spell, or bound by the invader's chain? Did our ancestors think so, when the avenging arm of Tell smote the ty-

rant Gesler? Did our countrymen think so, when they braved every peril, and made every sacrifice, to redeem their country from Austrian oppression, and will you, their sons, do otherwise than they? Do you seek a master? You hear his voice in the haughty mandates of your foe. Do you seek a country? You will find it through the battalions of your enemy. Do you seek a glorious grave, if that country cannot survive? You will find it in the field of battle. The dew of the mountain may still moisten its verdure—the sweets of the valley may still shed their fragrance around you—the purple grape may still mingle with the green vine—the note of the maiden may still sound sweetly to the ear of the lover—the soft cry of the infant charm the feelings of the father—the confiding wife may yet gladden the home of her husband;—but the heart of man will be rotten—the spirit of your ancestors extinguished—Switzerland no more, if you submit to the French. If you love your country, and value your honour, be men, and resist. If not, prove cowards, and obey."—The old man sat down exhausted. His sentiments imparted a kindred feeling to all. They determined on resistance; and, if at last the brave Schwyz, yielding to greater numbers and superior discipline, were overcome, they fell with honour, respected by their foes, and respecting themselves. Often, however, in the ordinary course of administra-

tion, when the tone of feeling is neither so lofty, nor the pervading sentiment so pure, craft and deception are employed to secure accession to the measure proposed. An appeal to selfish feeling and base interest, often obtains what the voice of reason would fail to achieve, or the dictates of disinterested patriotism to accomplish. But this is only man in his ordinary state, as we see him, alike in a democratic Swiss canton, in an aristocratic House of Commons, or in an oligarchic Town-Council. The one form of government is preferable to the other; only as the advantages enjoyed are more minutely shared, and less likely, from their insignificant value, to tempt those by whom they may be claimed, to abstain from the fulfilment of the solemn obligation their duty to their country naturally imposes. I fear, that in all states of society, there is little public purity in the absence of personal responsibility and efficient control. Peculiar manners, different habits of thought, and distinct associations, may differently regulate in separate communities, the means adopted to secure the end; but the latter will be, in the circumstances stated, uniformly the promotion of personal advantage.

Leaving Schwyz, we proceeded through a rich and beautiful vale by the banks of the Mouatta, a broad and limpid stream, to Brunnen. There we embarked on the lake of Lucerne. We swept along its glassy surface, and gazed with admira-

tion on its luxuriant and romantic shores. At twilight we reached Lucerne, and got comfortable accommodation at the "Cheval Blanc." Lucerne occupies both banks of the Reuss, the river which issues from the lake. Different parts of the town are connected together, by long wooden bridges or galleries, which stretch across different little bays, formed by the river, or the opening lake. The Reuss, like all rivers in this country flowing from the lake, is perfectly transparent. While walking across one of the long wooden bridges, some one happened to throw a few crumbs into the water. These were immediately seized by the fishes, who tamely followed our track for three or four hundred yards in myriads, evidently expecting a fresh supply. The fishes here appear, as it were, a sort of a domesticated animal.

The environs of the town are beautifully varied by woodland banks, green slopes, and romantic villas. I knew no difference in its appearance or extent since I had been there before. I remarked one addition to its public monuments —none to its industry, nor to its trade. A colossal lion had been hewn out of the solid rock, composing one of the cliffs which overhangs the town, and, in a suitable inscription carved out beneath, was dedicated to the memory of those gallant Swiss whose lives had been lost in defending the palace and person of Louis XVI.

and his queen, from the ferocious assault of savage and cowardly assassins. The lion was chiseled in a couched position, as if about starting from slumber suddenly alarmed—an idea which corresponded well with the actual situation of the brave men whose fall the monument records, as its inscription laments.

The government of Lucerne is aristocratic. Burgesses of a certain rental elect the great council of one hundred, in whom the sovereign power of the state nominally resides. Thirty-six members of this body constitute the senate, who hold their offices for life. The senate at large, upon the death of any of its members, nominates his successor. The son of the deceased senator is in general chosen to fill up the vacancy, and, failing a male descendant, a near collateral relation is for the most part appointed. Thus the office of a senator becomes in a manner hereditary, and the mode of its constitution appears even more objectionable than the manner of electing a Scottish town-councillor. The whole executive power of the state is vested in the senate. The judicial administration, both in civil and criminal causes, devolves upon them, reserving to litigants, or prisoners, only the privilege of appeal to the great council of one hundred. It is a principle universally recognised by all writers on government, that the legislative and judicial authority should be invariably separated

from each other. The right of appeal, therefore, from the decrees of the senate to the council or legislature, becomes thus an impolitic regulation. At home, doubtless, no inconvenience is felt, or injustice committed, in consequence of the judicial and legislative authority being united in civil causes in the House of Lords. The objection to the principle of that union is there partly obviated by the exclusion of criminal jurisdiction, at least in its capacity of a court of appeal, partly by the circumstance of its only constituting a third and separate portion of the whole legislature, and partly by the decision of causes being exclusively confided to one great, and responsible judicial officer. This has, no doubt, been somewhat modified of late, by the appointment of a vice-chancellor. The other two branches are an adequate counterpoise to any disposition which might be manifested in the third, to adapt the laws to the presumed convenience, or the sinister interest of its members. The personal responsibility of one supreme judge, forms an additional security against corrupt and iniquitous decisions.

Greater risk in all governments is perhaps to be apprehended from the incorporation of the executive power with the judicial administration, than with the legislative; and did the right of appeal from the decision of the senate at Lucerne, to the great council, indirectly obviate the consequences of this radical imperfection in its

judicial institutions, then a lesser evil might have been preferred, to avoid a greater. But I apprehend such not to be the result of the regulation in question. The sovereign council of Lucerne alone constitutes its legislature. The fewest in number, but the greatest in wealth and influence, form its ordinary jurisdiction, and that jurisdiction is a constituent element in the legislative body. Thus in reality, the judicial and legislative offices are united, and the right of appeal to the great council only confers upon the citizens the privilege of having their causes again examined and decided by the senate as members of the council. The authority which the superior rank, intelligence, and wealth of the senate of thirty-six naturally possess, must, in the nature of things, have a corresponding influence over the remaining sixty-four members of the council. The remainder of the peers of England never presume to interfere with the judicial opinions of the Lord Chancellor. But, were they individually or collectively members of an inferior jurisdiction, having the right, conjointly with that high officer, to review their own sentences in a court of final resort, it is not to be presumed that they would abstain from exercising it.

The senate chooses annually, from their numbers, two advoyers, who are the chief magistrates of the republic. The religion of the Canton is catholic; and its population amounts to 102,000.

The inhabitants of the town do not exceed 4000. It has no appearance of trade, other than what the consumption of the place requires. It appears to possess no manufactures whatever. The members of the senate disdain the occupations of trade as ignoble. This influences the general opinion, feelings, and habits of the people. Thus little or no capital is vested in trade; and no means of accumulation being provided, the natives of this Canton have the glory and the honour of perpetuating a race of *poor gentlemen.* The habits and the prejudices of Scotland one hundred years ago, seem prevalent here at the present day; and much advantage do the people really derive from this *national* antipathy to commercial and manufacturing industry.

Some of the vallies of the Canton are abundantly fertile, and appear exceedingly well cultivated. The natives have the character of being excellent farmers, and do not only supply their own wants, but can, from their abundance, furnish a market, for the use of the inhabitants of the mountain districts in the adjacent cantons.

The women of this canton wear a broad brimmed straw hat, wreathed round with roses. A wide white frill is worn round the neck, which is otherwise exposed. The gown, for the most part, is of a dark colour, and made of woollen stuff. Wide white sleeves are attached to it, which are tucked up above the elbows. It is

trimmed according to the fancy of the wearer. The hair is braided up behind. The petticoats, as is usual in most of the cantons, reach not below the calf. A striped apron completes the costume.

Feeling disposed to extend our excursion into the more mountainous districts of Switzerland, we directed our carriage to proceed to Thun, and then once more embarked upon the lake of Lucerne. For a while we were inclosed within its beautiful and luxuriant shores. We swept into its bosom, which, smooth as a mirror, reflected the adjacent scene. We passed once more the lofty Rigi and the peaked Pilate, woodland hills, and precipitous crags. A promontory, formed by a portion of Mount Rigi, is soon weathered. The margin of the lake gently curves round the base of the mountain. The small town of Gersau whitens the centre of the bay. Groves, and vines, and gardens, intermingle with the houses. The hills rise from behind in precipitous crags. This little town is only accessible by water, saving by one steep and narrow path which the shepherds and the guides may have formed for their own convenience. The houses are neat, clean, and commodious. The church is prettily situated upon a little eminence. The graves around it are curiously distinguished by wooden crosses, painted black, and richly gilded. Vanity here, as elsewhere, seems to mark the

repose of mortality, though the spirit of ostentation assumes an humbler form. We had now landed in the little republic of Gersau, the smallest in Europe. It had maintained for hundreds of years its peculiar distinctions—its separate government—its popular assemblies—and its independent magistrates. Its constitution, like those of Schwyz and Zug, was purely democratic. It had, however, been recently annexed to Schwyz. I asked the reason, but could not ascertain it. The union may likely prove beneficial, but it is not probable that the small republic would voluntarily surrender its exclusive rights, and sacrifice that political independence which time had consecrated and patriotism endeared. The inhabitants of Gersau do not exceed 1500. There is neither a horse nor a carriage in the whole territory. We saw cows, sheep, and goats browsing in the fields. Hemp and vines strewed the village. Few or no corn fields were to be seen. We had a comfortable dinner, a civil landlady, and a moderate bill.

The houses here, like those of most of the Swiss villages, are built of wood, the outsides being lined with rounded bits of spar, which overlay each other, and exhibit on the surface the appearance of a coat of mail. The roofs project, and the windows open inwards. The house is often composed of two or three stories, and accommodates different families.

We once more embarked upon the lake, and passed the point of Gentli, where Tell and his countrymen swore to restore the independence of Switzerland. We thence reached Tell's chapel, where patriotic associations are connected with the miserable rites of superstition. It was here that the hero threw off his chains;—and it is here that a paltry chapel, with all the vulgar ensigns of bigotry, has been erected to celebrate the event, and here also a mass is annually said in its commemoration. The beech and the pine now grow from the ridges of the hills down to the water's edge. The lake narrowed. The shore assumed a dark and awful form. Deep and frowning precipices shot from the summit of the hills, to the surface of the lake. Mass after mass, in shapeless succession, stuck their rocky sides into the waters. The dark screens of pine added to the gloomy grandeur of the scene. Hill rolled on hill, till the sweet vale of Altorf relieved the eye from the frowning aspect of their surrounding forms.

We landed at Fluelen. It was a beautiful evening. The moon rose from behind the mountains. Their dark shadows were softened in her light. We walked through the vale to Altorf, the capital of the canton of Uri. It sounds strangely to the ears of a native of a large and powerful kingdom, to hear the term capital applied to every small town that he may perchance

visit, in the course of his transit from one insignificant canton to another. Such a term, applied to such objects, would be more apt to awaken feelings of contempt than of respect, but for the associations connected with the name and history of Switzerland. Her paltry dimensions, and her limited resources, secure to her name and character our esteem and admiration, when we remember that her gallant sons, with no other means, put down oppression, and raised in its stead the free government of their country. The spirit which the patriotism of her ancient days stirred up, is, I hope, still unquenched. Yet, unluckily for the purity of the principles which guide her policy, she has tampered with that noble feeling, and appeared for years in no other shape than the mercenary of Europe. Nay, what is more, in these degenerate days, she has become the willing ally, it may be the obedient slave, of the Holy Alliance. Though she was crushed by France in the course of the revolutionary war, she fell with honour; and, as we have seen, the ancient canton of Schwyz, from which she has taken her confederated name, evinced a spirit and a heroism worthy the descendants of the patriot Tell. May that spirit only slumber till an opportunity offers to throw off her disgraceful vassalage. May she then, as before, become the asylum of the persecuted and the land of the brave; an example, alike of the generous feel-

ings, and the enlightened principles, which it is the peculiar attribute of freedom to generate and mature.

We failed to procure accommodation *à l'Aigle* at Altorf; but crossing the street, got apartments *au Bœuf.* We slept soundly, after the fatigues of the day. Arose betimes in the morning, and remained at Altorf all day. This is said to be the town where the ferocious Gesler condemned William Tell to shoot at an apple placed upon the head of his son. The steeple in the centre of the town, marks the spot where the boy was placed; and a well two hundred yards asunder from it, the point from which Tell drew his unerring shaft. Gaudy glaring figures daubed the walls of the steeple, to record the event. The costume of the women is the same here as in the adjoining canton of Schwyz. The burgesses wear a large black cloak which covers the whole body. It seems an indispensable appendage to the dress; for notwithstanding the heat of the weather, it was usually worn by all the respectable inhabitants.

For the first time, we heard Italian familiarly spoken at the inn by the landlord and the attendants. We dined at the Table d'Hote with three Italian gentlemen, of good manners, and I was in the course of enjoying some lively conversation with one of their number, who spoke French, when we were suddenly interrupted by the vul-

gar and the boorish familiarity of our Italian host. He was a dictatorial character, and thought it politic to lead the conversation. He condemned with great vehemence the extortion of the democratic government under which he lived, the pressure of the taxation, &c.; which we naturally enough anticipated to be the forerunner, as well as the palliation, of the imposition he intended to practise on us. I had the misfortune to sit next to him, and thus became the involuntary recipient of his clamorous abuse. Of course such society and such conversation soon ceased to be attractive, and in consequence we speedily left the room. The weather was unfavourable in the course of the evening. This prevented us from exploring the vale. We however ascended a little eminence in the neighbourhood, on the summit of which is placed a monastery of Capuchins. The view of the adjacent vale from this position is rich and luxuriant. The constitution of this canton is the same as that of the adjoining one of Schwyz, and its whole population does not exceed 19,000.

We were anxious to ascend the valley of the Reuss upon the following day, that we might afterwards cross the Furca and the Grimsel, and proceed to Thun by the valley of Overhasli. It was impossible to cross the Furca in foggy weather; the ascent being precipitous, and the path narrow. We were willing, however, to take the chance of a favourable change; and accordingly engaged

a calash to take us up the valley. Accompanied by a guide of impenetrable stupidity and incorrigible indolence, driven by a postilion whose jargon was as unintelligible, as his motion was slow, we set forth under these favourable auspices, upon the following morning, on our Alpine ramble.

For a while we wheeled through the soft and delicious vale of Altorf, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, and adorned with trees, cottages, and vines; skirted by the piny cliff, the curved crag, or the deep precipice; all pleasingly contrasting in their imposing magnificence with the softer beauties of the scene. We reached Amstag, where we explored a little valley, watered by a rivulet, whose stream, from the recent rains, assumed the form of a mountain torrent, foaming and raging through its rocky bed. After crossing the Reuss, we proceeded by a capital road up a long ascent towards the upper valley. The road, like a terrace, winds up the shoulder of a hill, leaving in the vale beneath a series of little knolls, whose dark green surface contrasts sweetly with the grey colour of the adjoining steeps. They mantled in the freshness of beauty, and were at times shadowed by the walnut and the pine. Gradually the summits of the mountains assume sterner and more rugged forms. Fantastic masses of the dark granite mingle with forests of pine, whose overshadowing branches shoot almost vertically athwart the higher steeps.

We beheld sometimes the remains of an avalanche, whose terrific course from the Alpine summit, appears to have hurled downwards alike the sides of mountains and the ruins of woods, marking in its broad and ample line a barrier of rocks, and earth, and massive trunks, which thus visibly proclaimed the resistless potency of that tremendous scourge. Sometimes impending cliffs are knit together by the interlacing roots of the higher woods, beyond which we beheld the traces of more distant precipices, shooting up their heights to the faint outline of the distant Alps; and sometimes the valley opening beneath, disclosed an interval of fractured rocks, uprooted trees, and sterile spaces bordered by the Reuss, gushing in broken torrents through its rugged channel. Winding up a long ascent, we reached a poor and wretched village, at the entrance of which turnpike dues were exacted from us. This really appeared to be the debt of competence paid to poverty, to secure the privilege of exploring what might well be called the valley of desolation. This was levied by the Cerberus of the barrier, who thereupon gave us full liberty to proceed to the *Pont du Diable*, or the Devil's Bridge.

Passing for a while through a wild and arid country, we descended into a more sterile vale, in the bosom of which, close to a miserable lodging-house, our coachman suddenly stopped, and communicated to us the welcome tidings that the carriage road was at an end. Accustomed by

this time to such casualties, we promptly left our vehicle, and while the horses were in the course of transformation from harnessed steeds to neighing palfreys, we walked up a little ascent to distinguish, if we could, the scattered huts from the masses of rocks with which they were intermingled. This miserable village conveyed the most perfect idea of hopeless destitution, and irreparable wretchedness. A few stones, piled upon each other, and placed under the shelter of a rock, which some harmless avalanche of earlier days had shot from the hills, confined by a rafter or two, and simply roofed by a few smoothed stones picked from the brook, or brought from the hill, completed the habitation of these wretched mountaineers. There were betwixt seventy and a hundred of these wretched cots strewed among the rocks. The adjoining wild showed some little semblance of stunted vegetation, where the goat picked, or the chamois roamed. The very appearance of such surrounding wretchedness naturally enough, by a sort of mental contrast, recalled to mind the comforts of life, from which we now seemed inseparably parted. Cravings as naturally followed; and, to our surprise and satisfaction, a bottle of good *Lacryma Christi*, and a loaf of capital stale bread, was served up to us as a collation, having a smooth rock for our table, and the green sward for seats. Most people sitting at home might think it poor enough fare;

but an early breakfast, jolting roads, and a long journey, made us consider it the very reverse. Thus we did justice to both the wine and its solid accompaniment.

Afterwards some of the party mounted upon horseback, and others followed on foot, armed with their alpine pikes. Now we had bidden adieu to the fair valley, and the woodland hill, to enter wilds where hoary crags and desolate hollows were unrelieved by the semblance of vegetable matter, or the reality of animal existence. A crow passing a ravine, a solitary muleteer from the plains of Lombardy crossing our track, the Reuss plunging from rock to rock, were all that varied the silence of solitude, or the amplitude of space. We ascended amidst the rugged fastnesses, the barrier precipice, and the deep-shelving rocks. Reaching the top of an acclivity, we wound down from an angle of the road into a ravine. It was separated on either side by the dashing waters of the Reuss, which rolled their way through the channel formed through the deep perpendicular rocks by which they were confined. The river alone, running furiously through a slanting channel, divided at intervals by rocky pinnacles, plunges itself into a deep pool below. At this point a span connects both sides of the ravine. It is the far-famed *Pont du Diable*. Farther down, the course of the stream's descent is marked by large and rugged

blocks of rock, from which overhanging mountains on either side, bleak and dreary in their aspect, add to the wildness of the frightful scene.

We pass upwards, and find that the craggy rocks overlay each other to the very brink of the ravine, through which the river flows. Here our progress would have been arrested, but that a gallery or tunnel had been cut for two or three hundred yards through the solid rock to its opposite base. We went through it. It was only lighted from its entrance, and one small hole blown out from the centre at the depth of four or five yards in the solid rock, on that side of it which overhangs the river. Proceeding onwards a village is soon discovered at the bottom of a hill; and we speedily arrived at Andermatt.

The Alps were still covered with clouds, and the chance of crossing the Furca became thus more desperate. We, however, dined heartily with an English family; and thinking afterwards with Burke that obscurity is a principal source of the sublime, we proceeded in the evening to view the Pont du Diable by moon-light. The dimness of the atmosphere, however, disappointed our expectations, and left unseen "the glimpses of the moon," and nearly prevented us from beholding the gloomy horror of this *diabolical* vale. We returned wearied enough to our inn, and retired to rest. Upon the following morning, perceiving that the haze still continued to obscure the

mountains, we were obliged to forego our wish to cross the Furca; and forthwith we returned to Altorf in the same manner as we had come from that town. The day was favourable,—the road a descent through all its course. Thus we were enabled to reach Altorf at an early hour. We merely passed through it, and arrived about half an hour afterwards at the village of Fluelen, upon the borders of the lake of Lucerne. From thence we supplied ourselves with some provisions, hired a boat, and proceeded by our old friend the lake to Buochs, where we landed. We walked onwards to Stanz, while our lazy and stupid guide occupied himself in trifling; and at last came up to us in a four-wheeled machine, having two cross seats, drawn by one horse, and driven by a long-cued blue-frocked carman. By this time, however, we had nearly reached Stanz. The evening was enchanting, the valley beautiful. Rich pasturage varied the slopes. Wide spreading trees strewed their course. The horizon on either side was girt with a magnificent line of hills. The crystal lake behind glistened in the radiance of the setting sun. The rising ground before was varied by every form of rural beauty, and verdant cultivation. The sun dyed the mountains with a crimson hue, and the broad shadows of evening darkened the surface of the Alps of Uri. The still tranquillity of evening marked the repose of nature. All was serene, all was beautiful. Such scenes blend harmoniously with

the peaceful mind. They cherish pleasing remembrances, and impart immediate delight. They seem, by an inconceivable charm, to identify man with the glories of creation, to lead him from the contemplation of nature's works to nature's omniscient Cause. Such feelings impart a flow of pleasing, exalted, and yet at times of dreadful thoughts. But who can stay the wanderings of imagination, who arrest the dim creations of the intellect? These, conjured up by the contemplation of such scenes, float on the surface of the thoughts, and, like phantasmas change in their form, and vary in their hue, quick as the flashes of lightning, and fleeting as the mutations of time. There is, I believe, a remedy for all; but all have not found it.

We passed through Stanz, the capital as it is called of the canton of Unterwalden, proceeded through the country to Sarnen, passed a tolerably extensive wood, and turning downwards to the valley reached the town, about half-past eight in the evening. We found considerable difficulty in procuring accommodation, but having got apartments in a house adjoining the principal inn, we had afterwards a capital supper—some conversation with an agreeable countryman—some quaint remarks from a humorous host—and some cherry brandy and water, which we found most solacing after the fatigues of the day. We then retired to rest. Next morning I thought it

expedient to dismiss our guide, who had turned out a lâzy fellow, and had of course proved a positive incumbrance on our motions. Indeed, these guides appear to me to be of no use whatever. French is in general spoken by at least one person at all the inns. Keller's Map and Ebel's Guide suit all the purposes which an able-bodied countryman, at six or eight francs per day, can possibly secure. Indeed such characters prove far from the most impartial selectors of the most beautiful and interesting routes, or of the best and the most reasonable inns. They are generally the mercenary jackalls of bribing innkeepers; and the traveller, poor soul, deluding himself with the supposed benefit he derives from the presumed wise counsel, guidance, and intelligence of his cunning conductor, becomes through him merely the prey of the innkeeper, or the laughing-stock of the natives. It is better and more amusing to speculate on one's own account, to pick up information as you advance, and to compare the different statements of travellers. You will thus readily learn what counsel to follow, and what to reject. Besides, your excursion becomes in this manner infinitely more amusing, as it fails not to bring you more immediately in contact with other tourists, as well as with the natives. You cannot be much at a loss if you speak French. If German, you will have

no difficulty in getting all the information you may want.

We hired a car, and proceeded by the little lake of Sarnen, and up the hill of Rudenz to Lungern. The country was rich and beautiful. The little lake of Lungern is sweet and delightful. The inn at Lungern was neat and commodious, the breakfast good, but the bill extravagant. The hill of Rudenz, which we ascended, is covered with a forest of majestic beech trees. Their massive trunks, and wide-spreading boughs, produce an equally pleasing and imposing effect. Such trees are alone seen with us in a gentleman's demesne. Here they are the ordinary specimens of the Swiss forests. We had still the hill of Brienz to cross; and fortunately obtained for that purpose the return horses of an English family, who had just arrived at Lungern. This family were more numerous than our party, being attended by a train of guides, lacqueys, and waiting-maids, those indispensible family comforts amidst the mountains of Switzerland, and of course had required a greater number of horses than we found it necessary to monopolise. The surplus number then of men, horses, and litters, which the party in question had required, followed in our train. Mounting our horses, we proceeded through the wood up the hill. The bright red of the cherry pleasingly varied the dark green of the fir, or the lighter hue of the hazel. Clust-

ers of nuts hung from the branches of the latter, which, though scarcely ripe, we could not resist the temptation of occasionally plucking. The mists of the morning still obscured the ridges of the hills; but the rich and varied foliage which the recesses of the woods unfolded, sometimes rising above, and sometimes falling beneath our vision, sometimes brightened in the sunbeam, and sometimes darkened in the shade, cheered our progress through the mountain forest. A slight accident occurred, which, though it somewhat retarded our advance, furnished in its effects the means of considerable amusement. One of the party leading his horse up the hill, pressed rather close to the horse which preceded. The path was here steep and narrow, and the first horse having either slipped his hind foot, or struck out, hit the person behind a blow upon the thigh. This brought him to the ground, where he almost fainted. An active guide, Pierre by name, seeing that he could not easily bestride the horse again, bolted off from us like an arrow to overtake the litter, which had passed us long before. Meanwhile the wounded person contrived to crawl upon another horse, and all proceeded slowly on the journey. Shortly afterwards we met the indefatigable Pierre carrying in his hand a bottle of wine, and followed by two others supporting a sort of chair or litter. The first he administered in copious draughts to the

wounded, and afterwards required him to enter the litter. Then winding down the hill, we encountered two or three lively Brienzers, whom the humane Pierre had enlisted in his service, and thus all forming a numerous cavalcade we proceeded gaily on our way. Pierre had run about a mile and a half down a steep hill for assistance, and was scarcely twenty minutes absent. The alacrity, kindness, and vivacity of this estimable Swiss cannot be forgotten. He was besides a handsome-looking fellow, spoke bad French with great volubility, and puffed, and joked, and laughed away the time in a constant vein of good humoured pleasantry. Sometimes the merry escort, led by the vivacious Pierre, sung their mountain songs, each taking part of the air, while they displayed all the fervid feeling, and peculiar animation, which the Swiss peasantry commonly express in pouring forth their national strains. The fineness of the day, and the novelty of the whole proceeding, added much to the liveliness of the scene.

When we reached the summit of the hill, the vallies of Overhasli and Grindenwald disclosed their beautiful and luxuriant recesses. The breeze had dispersed the mists of the morning, which, curling into clouds, were, with a majestic roll, wafted from the mountain tops. The dark sides, the peaked summits, and the whitened hollows of the higher Alps, were now unveiled.

The lake of Brienz sparkled in the vale. The steep we descended waved with the lofty branches of the beech; the lower slopes teemed with the green pastures. At the bottom of the hill we left our horses and entered a car, and still accompanied by our merry friends, plastered on the vehicle before and behind, were gaily driven to the inn at Brienz, prettily situated on the margin of its lake.

The inn is placed somewhat apart from the village. The grounds rise abruptly behind it, here swelling into a green knoll, or there sinking to a hollow. The sides of the hills are sometimes tufted with trees, and sometimes spring into high and rugged crags. The peasant's cot, and his little vineyard, are sometimes half concealed by the rising furrows. The higher mountains crown the scene. The Aar winds through the vale of Hasli, watering with its limpid current the verdant meadows. The mighty Alps surmount this sweet and interesting vale, hoary with the mantle of ages, and majestic in the bold sweep of their varying outline.

> Sweet is thy lake, and verdant are thy vales,
> Fair Brienz. I long to skim thy limpid face,
> Smiling like the morn with purling gales,
> And on thy bosom gloomy thoughts to chace
> Hence from the mind.

We engaged a boat, swept its glassy surface,

and reached a bay on the opposite shore, where we landed. We proceeded by a rugged ascent towards the fall of the Giessbach. We gained a gentle slope immediately in front of the fall. The scene was romantic. A screen of pines darkened the overhanging hill. The Giessbach purled gently for a while down the side of the mountain. As the descent became steeper, the opposing banks are more deeply cleft asunder, and the stream on reaching the brinks of a precipice, tosses its way from the craggy summits to the lower pool, silvering with its spray the brushwood which fringes the fall. The briny torrent dashed into the pool, shed its foam like mist athwart the fractured pinnacles, and the spread foliage. The waters are again condensed within a narrow channel, and wind through its rocky and its rugged bed to the vale beneath. Behind us, on the opposite bank a neat cottage emerges from the bosom of the vale—a green slope intervenes—and pleasant glades, and tufted woods, and alpine summits, complete the scene.

A respectable looking man approached, and invited the party to enter the cottage above. We thankfully accepted his invitation. Our numbers had increased to ten or twelve. It appeared that our host was the singing master of the village. After we were seated in his little parlour, he performed two or three airs upon the piano-forte, and was accompanied by the voices of half a doz-

en of children, the guides, and two or three German gentlemen; the latter of whom, though strangers like ourselves, seemed familiar with the airs of Switzerland. This rural concert, like our Scottish fashion among the villagers, concluded with a ball; and here again our German friends were as much at home, as they wheeled it joyously along in the gyrations of the waltz, with the fair nymphs of Brienz.

We bid adieu to the courteous master of harmony; but, before descending to the lake, walked to a little eminence which commanded it. The evening was serene. The mirror of the mountains reflected their own image. The sun gilded with his parting rays their curved outlines. The fall of the Giessbach murmured on the ear. The little town of Brienz sweetly embayed, looked lively in the distance. We recrossed the lake, and returned to our inn.

We were in good time for supper. About sixteen of us sat down, and, what appeared rather a remarkable circumstance, all were foreigners except ourselves. The remainder of the party were French or Germans. All were fagged with the exertions of the day, and were glad enough at an early hour to retire to repose. We had proposed starting the following morning for Meyringen, and thence intended to proceed to Grindenwald. We would then have skirted the base of the Jungfrau, reached Interlaken, and from that

village gone directly to Thun. But this plan was frustrated, in consequence of the illness of one of our party, which obliged us to remain at Brienz upon the following day. It was a lively enough residence. A succession of strangers went and came. Boat after boat plied across the lake. There was a confused and almost constant call for provisions, guides, carriages, and horses. Some were pleased, and others discontented. Some saw nothing but beauties, others felt nothing but inconvenience. The former spoke only of scenes, the latter only of eating. All, however, willingly concurred in the practice of the last. It is one of the few occupations about which no difference of opinion is either entertained or expressed, although perhaps there be none in which the quality of the material used gives rise to more frivolous and unnecessary discussion. Some were here from taste, more from caprice. Some praised the Swiss, more abused their cupidity. There is after all, a good deal of truth in the old saying, *Point d'argent point de Suisse*. Some looked gloomy, especially the English; others lively, particularly the French.

Sitting, in the course of the afternoon, upon the edge of a boat, smoking a segar, from want of thought or better employment, and gazing on the surrounding scene, my ears were suddenly regaled by hearing a countryman, in the broadest dialect of Scotland, bargaining and remon-

strating with some of the boatmen; I looked up and smiled. The speaker was a young gentleman of frank demeanour, whom I forthwith accosted, expressing my doubt that our vernacular jargon would hardly prove available to him at that moment. He promptly answered that he had employed no other with the peasantry since his arrival in Switzerland, and that through its medium he seldom failed to make himself understood. In truth the boatmen and he gabbled to each other for a considerable time. It was heartily diverting to hear Scotch and German spoken as a common language. Indeed the boatmen seemed perfectly aware of the young gentleman's meaning, and to be quite dissatisfied that he did not agree to give the exorbitant fare they demanded for the use of their boat. I offered him a segar, which he politely accepted, and sat down by me on the boat, where we passed some time agreeably together, comparing notes, and talking of our common country. He afterwards left me, and proceeded on the lake. It is a singular fact that he was the first Scotchman I had seen since we had left Flanders.

The young men and women of Brienz, after the labours of the day, assembled about twilight upon the shore of the lake immediately opposite the inn; there, seated in the boats, they sung in parts, the sweet airs of their native country. This might, perhaps, be done to attract the no-

tice of strangers, that a more substantial acknowledgment might be secured than mere verbal praise; still, it was pleasing to hear the sweet carolling of these peasants in the calm of the evening. And such are the illusions which deceive the mind that the very act, which likely proceeded from motives of vulgar profit, was deemed a proof of the superior simplicity of manners, purity of feelings, and delicacy of taste, of this pastoral people.

All being well, the following morning we hired a boat, and proceeded by the lake from Brienz to Interlaken. The scenery of the lake is bold and imposing; it exhibits, however, no great variety till we approach its extremity. Then a rich and luxuriant vale is disclosed, abounding in pastures, vineyards, and hamlets. The village of Interlaken is entered by an avenue shaded by large wide-spreading walnut trees. The Aar sweeps past the village; the green slopes rise from its edge and shelve into higher hills. Soft downs, strewed with majestic trees, decorate the vale; the air is scented by a thousand flowers; gardens, and arbours, and groves, and smiling villas, vary its expanse. The climate is mild, and the situation beautiful: it has thus become the favourite resort of the gentry of Berne; many reside here during the summer months. The situation, however, is not very retired. The vale is populous. The Bernese themselves add to the

number. Strangers from every country of Europe continually pass and repass in the course of the season. Perhaps the Bernese, like many of our countrymen, relish the beauty of rural scenes, but dislike the loneliness of retirement. Indeed, after all, it is only a few of the thoughtful and the studious who can live longer than a few days or hours from the absence of society. Man craves for his fellow; and rural solitude, however charming in the fictions of Romance or in the ravings of Zimmerman, is universally disliked whenever endured. What person ever remained alone for a week, and wished to repeat the experiment? and how many inhabitants of towns relish a country life, when debarred of access to their nearest neighbours?

We procured a sort of car with two cross seats, drawn by a blind horse, and driven by a postilion of sufficient vivacity to remind the animal at intervals of the necessity of quickening his pace. We thus jogged through the fertile valley, which separates the lakes of Thun and Brienz. We reached Unterseen, a small town intersected by the Aar; the windings of its stream, broken by the rocks, varied by little tufted isles, and bordered by grotesque-fashioned houses, gave to the whole scene a most picturesque aspect. A covered bridge crossed the river, which we with difficulty passed. It happened to be the market day, and dealers in all commodities had erected

their stalls under the bridge, where they seemed busily engaged in disposing of their merchandise, and where, in consequence, the multitude attracted, necessarily blocked up the passage. All sort of wild and odd-looking figures from the mountains and vales crowded this novel market place. The men appeared an athletic and a hard-favoured generation; the women were ugly, clumsy, and gaudily attired. The taste for strong contrast in the colours of the female costume, improves not the look of the Jungfrau nymphs. In time we penetrated the mass, and proceeded on our way. The valley extended as we advanced; it became richer and more luxuriant. High ridges, covered with pine, run into each other. The whole are crowned by the Jungfrau, rearing its majestic form in never-fading beauty.

> The eye beholds the rich and beauteous plain
> Which links the lakes of Bern. There autumn wreaths
> Her sweetest flowers. Above stern winter's reign,
> In cold sublimity and icy grandeur, teeths
> Thy brow, majestic Jungfrau.

The manners of the people of this district, as indeed of the whole of Switzerland, are peculiarly courteous. Their habits, from all accounts, are correct and exemplary. They are a poor people. Their fare is of the simplest kind; cheese, potatoes, prunes, and raisins. As in

other of the cantons, the men are all well armed, and assemble every Sunday to practise at the target. The whole male adult population are thus prepared, at a moment's notice, to obey the call of the government, and to resist aggression, should such be meditated. The circumstance, too, of all the citizens being well armed, has doubtless a corresponding influence upon the policy of their rulers, for it so happens that no tax of any kind is imposed or exacted in this canton. This is not the result of the constitutional control of the people over the acts of the government, for the constitution is substantially aristocratic. Necessity is always the great source of frugality, and I doubt not but that habits of state economy are not a little induced by the consciousness that, though taxes were imposed, they could not be levied from an armed and discontented population, inhabiting the mountain districts. The government thus contrives that the rents of the public lands and forests shall be sufficient to meet the annual exigencies of the state.

We speedily arrived on the banks of lake Thun, where we hired a commodious boat with an awning, to convey us to the town of that name, at the other extremity of the lake. The wind blew strong against us, and we were, in consequence, compelled to row close to the shore. This rendered the passage more tedious,

as we had to double every little promontory that lay between us and our destination. The slenderness of the boats and the suddenness and fury of the squalls, render this precaution necessary. The shore was varied and romantic. Here a little vale, strewed with hamlets, vines, and orchards is imbosomed among impending hills; there the rugged precipice peers aloft, from the margin of the lake. On the opposite shore the ridges rise in graduated succession above each other, here gracefully curved, and there fantastically pointed. The Neissen, a pyramidal mountain, peers from the centre, and adds to the pleasing variety of the scene. The western extremity of the lake is bounded by the Alps sheathed in their silver casements, and rearing their wild and rugged forms, with many a varying sweep, into the sky. After rowing about nine miles, the lake gradually narrows. We are inclosed by sloping meadows, neat villas, and steep vineyards. Then gliding down the Aar, we landed at Thun, and got comfortably accommodated at the *Freyhof*.

The hotel was crowded with English. We dined at the "*Table d'hote*" at five; and there, for the first time since our arrival on the Continent had our countrymen exclusively for messmates and dull companions they proved. There is a freezing reserve, and forbidding haughtiness about the English, which prevent intercourse

check society, and restrain curiosity. Though accustomed to accost foreigners with frankness wherever we had hitherto met them, there was something repulsive in the austere aspect, and the disdainful taciturnity of our countrymen, which kept us silent while we dined. This, perhaps, might have been our fault as well as theirs; but one would have thought that the circumstance of meeting in a foreign land at the same board, would have sufficed to thaw the national coldness, and induced a little conversation. But no, all were intent upon the same object, consumption; were "gregarious, but not social," and the meal ended as it had begun, in total silence. How different are the manners of foreigners of every rank at these public tables. Upon sitting down, courtesies are immediately interchanged, conversation commenced, adventures mutually related, precautions recommended, and useful information given. Thus, the impartial information obtained in this manner proves infinitely more useful to travellers than the exaggerated statements of itineraries, or the interested recommendations of guides, bribed to deceive, or unwilling to accommodate. I must, however, in justice to my countrymen, add, that this was the only occasion, in our presence, that all enacted the character of mutes. I felt so awkward and irksome in this society of reflective or devouring travellers, that I hesitated not ever afterwards,

when thrown into similar society, to begin the conversation; and when once commenced, we never failed to find the English courteous, communicative, and pleasant. Foreigners universally complain of their solemn gravity, and incorrigible silence.

The situation of Thun is beautiful; gently rising grounds, and green lawns, deck the outskirts of the town. The silver Aar murmurs through the vale; groves, and vines, and villas are scattered on its banks. The grey mountains of Stockhorn bound the scene on the one hand; the lake and the distant Alps, grouped in majestic harmony, close it on the other. These splendid natural beauties mould themselves not with the rural tastes of the inhabitants of these vales. Such seem not deduced from the waving lines of the natural landscape, but rather from the demonstrations of Euclid, as mathematical proportion appears to be the rule which gives form and variety to rural embellishment. Artificial gardens, straight walks, angled shrubs, squared trees, and painted poles, are the principal objects which adorn their grounds.

Next day we resumed possession of our own vehicle, and proceeded to Berne. The road is admirable; the distance about sixteen miles. We had now left the Highlands of Switzerland. The country presented a succession of gentle ascents, running as it were into each other, and

varied by corn fields and green meadows, vineyards and fruit trees. Better houses and neater cottages lined the road. The women had a softer expression; the men a less athletic form. Carriages, and cars, and waggons, were frequently met or passed. This was variety in itself, for of late, pedestrians, or muleteers, or litters, were the only objects that presented themselves on our track.

The female peasantry wear a broad-brimmed straw hat, a little turned up at the edge, and ornamented with a lily or a rose; they wear a black stock round the neck. A piece of lawn covers the bosom, and expands from the shoulders into wide sleeves, down to the elbows. A dark-coloured gown, trimmed with blue or red, according to the fancy of the wearer, cut short in front, but reaching to the ankles behind, covers a grey or whitish petticoat. This reaches to the calf, is seen in front from the shortness of the gown, and is trimmed in the same manner. The hair is plaited down the back, and from its extremity, black ribbons extend, which nearly sweep the ground. Neat shoes and stockings complete the costume.

The men in general wear a short jerkin, striped waistcoat, leather belt round the waist, blue breeches and worsted stockings, with black garters tied below the knee. Both men and women are, in general, handsome; but, it must be ac-

knowledged, that those among the *fair* sex of a certain age, are scarcely entitled to have that quality deservedly applied to them. From constant exposure in the fields at all seasons, they become dark in their complexion, withered in feature, and hideous in appearance. Nature intended women for household duties, not for field work; their physical temperament and mental constitution attest the accuracy of the stale remark. The customs of all countries, having any claim to the character of civilization and refinement, confirm its propriety. Both sexes here are decently attired. The country is rich and productive. The fields are neat and regular; they seem cleanly kept, are well drained, and free of weeds. The inclosures are in good repair, and the plantations are judiciously thinned, and tolerably well pruned.

After reaching the summit of a hill, the ground steeply sloped towards the Aar. On the opposing eminence, fringed with woods, skirted by green slopes, and bounded by massive walls, stands Berne, the capital of Switzerland. The town is built of a grey freestone, much resembling the Aberdeenshire granite. The streets are broad, and are watered in the centre by a running stream, forced up by an hydraulic machine from the Aar. This greatly contributes to keep them neat and clean. The houses are four stories high, and all present the same uniform

appearance, resembling much in their general aspect the houses of the new town of Edinburgh. They possess this superiority over the latter, that the eye is never palled with interminable straight lines, endless right angles, and manifest disproportions between the breadth of the streets and the elevation of the houses. The streets are curved in their course, and arcades extend under the second story of the houses, throughout the town. The Aar winds round the eminence on which the town is built, relieving in its pure and rippling waters, the pastoral beauties of the adjacent scene. A terrace near the cathedral commands a magnificent view. Woods, and villages, and vineyards, and green meadows, strew the plain. The chain of Alps, which separates the canton of Berne from the Valais, bounds the horizon.

'Tis Berne we see, she who serenely smiles
On Aar's fair banks, and like a sister queen
Of our Edina, attired in beauty's wiles,
Speaks to our willing hearts. Thy vales are seen
Softening the loveliness of yon majestic piles,
Children of nature, glowing in the hues
Of matchless colours, blending with the shades
Of pastoral luxuriance. Here we muse;
Man's work in time will fall, such never fades.

The authority of the government of Berne is vested in a council, composed of three hundred members; the individuals comprising it are

elected by the citizens at large. The council elects the senate of thirty, from whom the judicial magistrates, and executive officers of the state, are chosen. The councillors hold their offices for life, and vacancies are seldom or never supplied till eighty have occurred. But even then the new councillors are not nominated in accordance with the principles of the constitution by popular suffrage; but in consequence of this right having been partly usurped by the senate—partly by some of the magistrates in virtue of their office, and partly by the council itself, they are appointed by these individuals and bodies. A precedent, at variance with the fundamental laws of the state, has thus been unfortunately established.

Two advoyers or chief magistrates of the republic, preside alternately over the administration of affairs, are elected by the sovereign council, and hold their office for life. The salary of an advoyer is about L.400 per annum; that of a supreme judge does not exceed L.140. The constitution of Berne, though nominally popular, has, as we have seen from the corruptions of time, and the sinister claim of the wealthy citizens, become in substance and character the most aristocratic in Switzerland; the whole legislative and executive authority being vested in a permanent and irresponsible council of three hundred individuals.

Assemblages of the citizens never occur. A

single gazette, controlled by the government, is the only newspaper published. From this cause public opinion, as gathered from public bodies, cannot be ascertained; its expression, through the medium of the press, is unauthorised or prohibited. The wealthier unprivileged citizens attempt not to form a popular opposition to reclaim the dormant rights belonging to all; because, in time, these citizens themselves, may hope to obtain a seat in the council, or an appointment under government. Thus the miserable selfishness of human nature induces submission to usurpation, and toleration of abuses. The people are lulled into submission by the absence of an intelligent and wealthy opposition, and so the canton of Berne is governed by the few. The happy circumstance of the administration of the government, proving for the benefit of the many, though thus exercised by the few, relaxes the popular vigilance, and renders the mass of the citizens indifferent to unconstitutional innovation and abuse. It prevents the formation of a regular, active, and persevering opposition; but that opposition, as I have already stated, substantially exists in another shape. The citizens not only are all well armed, but are in the daily habit of killing game, and shooting, for recreation, at the target. Their country is mountainous, almost impenetrable to organised troops. This the peasantry know; they also know the power

which their weapon bestows—the efficiency their weekly meetings insure. The government, too, is fully aware of their hardy character—their means of resistance if attacked—their inclination to resist, if provoked by exaction or misrule. The result is, that justice is impartially administered, public burthens are unknown, and a rigid economy is strictly observed.

The representatives of all the cantons constitute the general confederative assembly or diet, which annually meets at Berne. Berne being the greatest and most powerful canton, its aristocratic character becomes the means of producing a corresponding influence on the deliberations of the diet, and, in consequence, on the relations which grow out of such proceedings with foreign states. The fact also of the meeting annually occurring at Berne, enables the executive government of that canton, or its members, to exercise a certain influence over the minds and opinions of these representatives, which, elsewhere, could not be possessed. I have already shown, that the democratic principle, recognised in the constitution of the smaller cantons, substantially merges in the monopoly of political franchises, which the few have established in their own favour, to the exclusion of the many, and that the effects of this peculiarity assimilate the character and policy of these cantons, much to that exhibited and pursued by the aristocratic

governments. These considerations combine to produce a unity of feeling and of action in the deliberations and decisions of the diet. The manly sincerity—the honest daring—the disinterested patriotism of an assemblage truly popular in its constitution and character, in its deliberations and its acts, relating to foreign states, are qualities which never are displayed. The feelings which awaken such, have, unfortunately, ceased to exist; they bow in undissembled homage to the supremacy of the Holy Alliance—they tremble at its nod, and slavishly obey its harsh and rigorous mandates. Switzerland, the former asylum of the persecuted, banishes from her inhospitable soil, the patriot refugees of Italy and of Spain. She willingly suppresses the rights of free discussion through the medium of the press, because the language of truth and the honest denunciations of patriotism are hostile to the interests, and hurtful to the feelings of the sovereign dictators. Thus her representatives truckle to "The Powers," compromise the national dignity and honour, and, under the symbols of liberty, uphold the doctrines of oppression. Such is the miserable and wretched policy of Switzerland; influenced, I fear, from all accounts, much by the ascendency which the government of Berne has acquired and exercised in the diet.

Such art thou, Berne, unwilling to do well;
Would that thy spirit teemed with what is right,
Then thou wouldest nobly break the painful spell
Which tyrants weave around thee, like the night
O'ershadowing by its darkness. Pleasing sight,
That Freedom's shrine were thine, but as thou art,
Her empty forms alone belong to thee,
At Europe's despots' frown thou sink'st in heart,
Obey their will, and persecute the free.

The town contains many charitable institutions, has a handsome library, and a well-arranged museum. The women of the lower classes wear a sort of black lace cap, with a wide spreading frill, composed of the same materials, attached to it. This head-dress has an odd and grotesque look, the whole resembling much, from its colour, texture, and transparent appearance, the wings of an enormous fly, if one of dimensions proportioned to such wings, could possibly be imagined.

In the criminal procedure, the deposition of witnesses, as with us, is first taken out of court. At the trial afterwards, as with us too, these witnesses are confronted with the accused person, and are required to repeat their evidence, subject to the cross examination of the prisoner and his counsel. In other respects, the criminal procedure resembles that of Geneva, which I shall afterwards shortly detail. I understand that the law, authorising the infliction of torture, is not formally repealed; its existence is thus but

a nominal stain upon the criminal code. The administration of law is not disgraced, nor the sufferings of accused persons aggravated by its application.

An ordinary punishment for offences in this town, is to employ the criminals in cleaning the streets. A certain portion of them are literally harnessed to carts, others follow with brooms and shovels, having logs of wood attached to their feet, and being, in some instances, chained to each other. Subject to this restraint, they do the work required, of dragging, and of sweeping, and throwing the mud or rubbish into the cart. It is a revolting spectacle to behold men in chains doing the work of horses; it is equally so, to see them coupled like dogs, doing that of scavengers. Public exposure necessarily extinguishes all feelings of shame, hardens the heart, and renders improbable the chance of amendment. If the humiliating spectacle check the vicious propensities of others, and so limit the increase of criminal offences, this public punishment may prove beneficial to the interests of society. If, however, the frequency of the exhibition render the people indifferent to the condition of these convicts, this circumstance either ceases to awaken in their minds the reflection that such would prove their own fate upon a violation of the law, or enables them to estimate with certainty, the nature and the extent of the

punishment that would be inflicted after their conviction. I fear that the existing mode of punishment will thus tend more to increase than to diminish the number of offenders. The privacy of punishment operates fearfully on the imagination of men. This tends to check the commission of criminal acts. Publicity, on the other hand, enables all to calculate with certainty their extent; that induces, by removing the apprehensions of the fancy, the increase of crime.

The finances of the government are admirably managed. The probable reason of their strict and economical management, I have already detailed. The persons to whom their administration is intrusted, are responsible to a committee, annually appointed to inspect and examine their accounts. This is not a mere nominal board, constituted to pass, as a matter of course, the accounts presented, but a real financial inquisition, who report on every item of the annual expenditure to the sovereign council. The opinion pronounced by the council is, in general, regulated by the tenor of the committee's report. Mr. Hume himself would not require more rigid censors, nor a more efficient control.

The religion of this canton is Protestant. There are different churches for the service of this faith in German, which is the vernacular language. We took the opportunity, however, of attending the French Protestant church, to

which we understood, the better description of the inhabitants resorted. The church is large, the architecture of the interior being of the Gothic order. The pews in the centre are exclusively reserved for the use of the women; those at the sides, are occupied by the men. It is a general custom, indeed, for the men and women to sit apart from each other, in the churches of Switzerland. An old clergyman of a grave aspect and mild expression, presided on the occasion. I thought his sermon admirable; it was simple and persuasive, its style was perspicuous and even, seldom elevated, but always impressive. If I might presume to judge, I thought his discourse, as it ought to have been, founded on the doctrines of revelation. He dwelt much on the fall of man, and on the means of redemption through faith in our Saviour. The doctrines upheld, appeared exactly similar to those maintained by the church party at home commonly known by the name of Orthodox. Calvin, no doubt, is considered as the common founder of the religious sect of both countries, yet the ministers of both give many different interpretations to the doctrines of scripture, and, as I shall show, when discussing some circumstances connected with a late schism in the Geneva church, repudiate, at least in that church, some of the principles and doctrines supported by their original founder. The exposition of scripture delivered,

however, by the venerable clergyman I heard upon this occasion, fully accorded with such as I had often heard from our ablest and most exemplary divines at home. There is a slight difference in the form of worship here and at home. The congregation stand when singing the psalm, and an organ accompanies their voices; the clergyman also reads the prayers. This mode of worshipping the Creator, in reading the prayers, is no doubt authorised by many Christian churches, as preferable to ours. It presents, however, to my mind, more the appearance of cold form than of heartfelt devotion. This impression may, however, be the result of prejudice more than impartial estimation of the comparative merits of either form of prayer. I say form of prayer, because the experience of every Presbyterian layman must convince him that there is no such thing as extempore praying in our church. Among the ablest of our clergymen, if the words be not arranged, the mind is always previously prepared. The impression which the difference between the Swiss mode of prayer and ours conveys to the mind, from their respective manners of enunciation, is, that the former appears to be delivered, though read, by *rote*, and the other, though prepared, by *heart*.

The addition of an organ is a great improvement, both as it gives unity to the tone of a large congregation, many among whom are unaccus-

tomed to sing elsewhere, and as it swells the note of thanksgiving and praise to a richer and a fuller melody of expression. Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, has well ridiculed the Presbyterian repugnance to the use of instrumental music in the course of divine service, by attributing to brother Jack, the embodied representation of Presbytery, an unconquerable antipathy to bagpipes. The bagpipes, of course, meant the organ, which our thorough Scottish reformers had from the first rejected. I cannot help thinking, indeed, that the principal cause of the exclusion of the organ in the service of our church, proceeds from the circumstance of its being still used in the mass of the Catholics, and in the canticles of the church of England. The manner of the clergyman was devout and simple; it wanted the extravagant action, as his style did, the bombastic rhodomontade of many French preachers of the same persuasion. To our Scottish tastes, his address to the congregation too superfluously abounded with—"*mes bien chers aimés,*" and "*mes tres chers Chrétiens.*" Probably a Bernese, on the other hand, would have thought the mode of address of our Presbyterian clergymen too dry, and too little endearing. We had also too many apostrophes, prefaced with their concomitant—Ehs, Ohs, and Helas!

The canton of Berne is the most populous in Switzerland, amounting to three hundred and

fifty thousand souls. It is partly mountainous, and, of course, in pasturage, and partly a low lying country, universally arable. In general the latter is well cultivated. Land is reckoned dear; arable land may be had at twenty-five years' purchase, and pasture land at twenty. The country houses in the neighbourhood of Berne, are most formal in their appearance. The roofs are tiled, the chimnies long, the form shapeless and uncouth. The same attachment to the angle and the square, and the same hostility to the swelling curves and the gentle sweeps and the graceful hangings of nature, in the trimming and management of their trees and shrubs, are observable here, as elsewhere. The Dutch fashion too, in the cutting of the walks likewise prevails. Square terraces, and peaked borders, and angled lawns, seem also the criterion, of rural proportion.

Berne possesses little trade, the leading citizens disdaining it as an unworthy occupation. Hence, with the exception of provisions, their wants are supplied from other countries.

The arms of the town being a bear, two couples of those animals are kept at the public cost in separate moats under the ramparts of the town, at one of the barriers. Many pleasant walks line the banks of the Aar, and a shaded promenade adorns the western terrace of the town. The Table d'Hote of the Hotel *de La Couronne* was neatly

kept, and the hour of dinner more accommodated to our taste and habits, than that to which we had been before accustomed, They have, however, two tables, the first, at one o'clock, at which foreigners generally dine; another at four, which the English prefer. We chose the latter. We, however, met there a few French and Germans, as well as a number of our countrymen. The time passed agreeably enough in their society.

After passing a day or two pleasantly at Berne, we proceeded on our journey. The country betwixt Berne and Morat is composed of a succession of gentle declivities, all in the highest state of cultivation, interspersed with woods, orchards, and hamlets. From the summit of an eminence we commanded a view of Lake Neufchatel. The intervening plain extending its broad expanse into the Pays de Vaud, presents a varied and picturesque appearance. The whole is bounded by the smooth outline of the Jura hills.

Morat is a small town bordered by its lake of the same name. The scenery around has a tame and insipid character compared with the bold outlines and lofty configurations of mountains which we had previously beheld. Still the adjacent banks were sweet and green, varied by groves, and embellished with villas. A little promenade at one extremity of the town, overhangs the lake. It is remarkable only as containing one of the largest Linden trees I had seen in

Switzerland. Its branches and foliage nearly embowered the whole promenade. After breakfasting, we resumed our journey, passed the field of battle where the Duke of Burgundy and his formidable army had been defeated in 1476, by a small body of Swiss, in his arrogant attempt to enslave the canton of Freburg.

> ——— Here a tale is told
> Recorded in a hue of blood, which scared
> All who oppression's sympathies had shared.
> Sweet on its lake, the harvest of the brave
> Shews its fair field, immortal from the cause
> Of its production.

A plain column has been recently erected to commemorate the recollection of this victory. The country still presented the same soft and varied aspect. Peas and tobacco were more universally cultivated, a proof of the richness and fertility of the soil.

Payerne, which we passed, is a small town in the canton de Vaud, presenting nothing remarkable, but said to contain some Roman remains, a proof of its antiquity. The female peasantry of the canton of Freburg are dressed in a broad-brimmed straw hat, the brims inclining downwards. Wide linen sleeves are attached to their gowns, which are made in the same fashion as those of the women of the other cantons. The

hair is tied up behind and relieved by knots of black ribbands.

We reached Moudon, where we remained all night. It is a small town, built on the banks of the Broye. On the one side steep ridges clothed with wood overhang the town. Rich pastures or corn fields gird it on all the others. An old castle, in a state of ruin, rises from its centre. The side next the river is planted with large walnut trees, under whose shade a handsome promenade reaches to its banks. It is nevertheless a dull looking town, and to us, was only enlivened by the old consolation of substantial cheer and palatable wine. We dined alone. The inn was good, but the bill exorbitant. We felt anxious that the weather should continue favourable, as upon the following morning we expected to catch a first glimpse of the Lake of Geneva. The evening was cloudless and serene. Autumn decked it with her smiles and sweetened it with her fragrance. The sunbeam shed a soft and yellow lustre across the scene; its scattered rays varied with a thousand tints the mountain or the vale. The sun soon set in the west and left a sky, steeped as it were in the rainbow's hues. The bright orange, and the pale yellow, and the soft green, mark their lines on the verge of the horizon, till all seemed to blend in the broad expanse together, and were lost in the incumbent blue, which tinged the pale arch of heaven.

We retired for the night. Day dawned, but all was changed. Dense clouds surcharged with rain floated in the sky. It drizzled ere we left Moudon, and before we had proceeded many miles it poured in torrents. We had taken the road to Vevay. Our disappointment was great. Lake Leman and its rich majestic scenes, must, in the then state of the weather, have been veiled from our view. Yet our good fortune did not desert us. Reaching an eminence we beheld the thick fog rolling away in masses from the bosom of the lake. As the mist ascended the sides of the mountains, the grey waste and the frowning rocks, and the rugged elevations of the Valais, and the Alps towering beyond all, in succession appeared. The clouds, wreathed in silver shades, tipt the ridges of the mountain; the lake glistened in the sunbeam; the bold promontory, the curved shore, and the luxuriant vineyards, enclose its calm surface. It was a glorious scene.

Where is the man, who from the mountain top
Looks on thy silver bosom sweetest lake
Of fair Helvetia, and feels not his hope
Of imaged liveliness moulded to shape
Of perfect beauty. Mountain copse and brake
Fringe Leman's waters, and serenely blend
The Alpine scenes with the rich grove and vine
Which dye her margin, and mellowing lend
A soft luxuriance to the darker pine.

We wound down the hill towards the borders

of the lake. Nothing could surpass the rich luxuriance of the lower grounds; hamlets, and vineyards, and green vales, and thick groves strewed the descent. We drove for a while down an inclined plain, nearly parallel with the lake. In a hollow, imbosomed as it were amid masses of impending foliage, the little town of Vevay is discerned. We speedily reached it.

A good many strangers reside here. The salubrity of the climate, and the cheapness of provisions, recommend it alike to the invalid and economist. The admirer of nature gives it a preference from the peculiar beauty of the situation. The disappointed or unfortunate prize it as a pleasing retirement from the scenes of former trouble or of past misfortune. Here the honest Ludlow found an asylum, and here the manly and the injured Touissant breathed his last. It was here that Kosciusko, the warrior and the patriot, spent the evening of his days. It is here, therefore, that virtue reflected her own image, and gave, if not happiness, content; virtuous poverty secured to him what neither the wiles of Napoleon nor the blandishments of Alexander could bestow, the approbation of his own conscience, and the universal respect of civilized man. He thought not of himself but of his country. Here he expired, breathing his last accents to him who "giveth and taketh away," for that country's ultimate regeneration. These are

the men who redeem the human character in its political capacity, from the obloquy of universal selfishness and depravation. They stand forth in the great ocean of time as beacons to guide the erring and to animate the good. The example which they afford may influence with kindred worth, and, like benevolence, those who come after; they put into the shade the vulgar trophies of the conqueror; they exalt the common character of our nature, and may, it is hoped, sometimes shame "ambition into virtue."

Many invalids are sent by physicians to Vevay, or to its vicinity, for the benefit of their health. A grape diet is often prescribed as a remedy; the grapes of the neighbourhood are thought to be so nutritious that such a regimen is said, in many cases, to be the means of operating an effectual cure. An exclusive diet of this kind is at first exceedingly nauseous. The taste, however, is soon reconciled to it, and, at last, prefers it to all others. Extraordinary recoveries have been effected, but whether such proceeded from the effects of the diet upon the system, the mildness of the climate, the change of scene, moderate exercise, or the unexpected renovation of nature itself, the wisdom of physicians can alone determine; if the effect be produced, whatever be the cause, the presumed remedy is wisely prescribed.

One cannot help remembering, that the genius of Rousseau had gilded with his pen the beauti-

ful scenes by which we were encompassed. He has recorded in immortal lines the grandeur and the loveliness of this enchanting lake. He has connected it with associations which its fair outline, its graceful forms, or its majestic scenes, cannot alone impart. The mind of the beholder receives the impress of its loveliness, but the pure feelings thus awakened, are by no means chastened by the remembrance that St. Preux wrote, or Heloise loved. Voltaire and Gibbon also resided near its borders; and however in some things, along with the sensitive Rousseau, they may have instructed and pleased, yet by a lamentable coincidence, their productions have proved most pernicious to the interests of mankind. One naturally thinks of such men and their works when gazing on the beauties of lake Leman. The works of nature recal here, by natural associations, the productions of man.

> See we aught here save nature's fairest charms
> Harmoniously displayed in scenes like this?
> Yes there are thoughts which peace and hope alarm,
> On which we pause, and vanity would dismiss!
> Think we on Rousseau and his guilty kiss,
> On Voltaire's subtlety and treacherous guile,
> Upon attractive Gibbon's dangerous sneer?
> Or do we only gaze at Leman's smile,
> And drop at genius' faults a pitying tear?

We proceeded to Lausanne. The road is lined with vineyards. These are planted on ter-

races piled above each other. The banks of the lake are so precipitous, that it became necessary to build walls up its side, and to deposit soil within, on which the vines are planted. The shelter here afforded from the north, and the exposure on an inclined plain to the south, give to the produce of these vines an excellent character. With the exception of the Neufchatel grape, the wine is deemed the best which Switzerland produces.

Lausanne is built upon two adjoining rising grounds and the intervening hollow. The streets are narrow and ill built. The houses are high and irregular. A handsome cathedral is perched upon the summit of the higher hill, from which a magnificent view of the Alps of Savoy and the lake of Geneva is commanded. Lausanne is the capital of the Pays de Vaud. The population of the whole canton is about 145,000.

The arable land of this canton, as well as that of Berne, appeared to be better cultivated than any other of the same description we had seen in Switzerland. The enclosures were more neatly kept, the furrows more regularly and deeply marked, and the ground more abundantly manured. I understand the ordinary rotation of culture to be, that the land remains fallow every fourth or fifth season; that during the fallow year it is ploughed three or four times over, with the view of preparing it for a wheat crop on the

following year. Upon the second year a crop of that species of grain is produced; upon the third one of barley or of oats. At the period of sowing either, the land is at the same time sown with grass seed; and thus the fourth year produces a crop of hay. The following year it becomes of course fallow again. A couple of oxen are commonly used in ploughing the lowlands. Six or eight of these animals are sometimes required where the fields are steep. The farm servants have a decent appearance, and a look of substantial comfort. Men and women promiscuously work in the fields.

All countries attach much importance to their griculture. The landholders in all have, in ge-ral, the greatest political and personal influence, and that will be naturally employed to uphold their own interests, and of course to promote the well-being of all those engaged in agricultural operations. It does not perhaps follow, that the personal condition of the rural population will be at all superior to what it might have been, had all employments been left to a fair competition with one another, as a command of the necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries of life depends upon the unfettered operation of all. At the same time, in a country where trade is held to be ignoble, and where manufacturing industry receives little encouragement, the farmer possesses proportionally more consequence, as in

him are vested almost a monopoly of political and civil immunities. This exalts him in his own opinion; that opinion sensibly affects the formation of his character—leads in the progress of education, and in the intercourse of society, to the establishment of correct principles, and to the production of industrious habits. From the absence of trade little capital is accumulated. Land thus seldom changes proprietors, or farms tenants. The latter, like the property of the soil, are transmitted from father to son. This adds to the personal importance of the farmers; identifies them more with their respective neighbourhoods; and more closely and dearly knits the bonds of connection between their country and themselves, but of course retards the accumulation of wealth, and the progress of improvement. Such circumstances have much contributed to form the character of the Swiss. The mountainous nature of their country; its geographical position in the centre of Europe; the consequent difficulty, from the absence of water carriage, of obtaining materials on which to employ manufactures; and the want of the natural advantages in soil and climate to produce such materials, assist to engraft upon the Swiss the peculiar habits, manners, and opinions which they uniformly display.

Men in all ages, simple or refined, are distinguished for attachment to the country of their

birth. That will often be increased or lessened according as its institutions, or the arrangements of society, promote or discourage an attachment to the soil. It does not follow, however, that all nations must be pastoral or agricultural, to secure the genuine operation of this useful and patriotic feeling. The weaver may have the same attachment to his shop, or the merchant to the counting-house and the Exchange, as the herdsman to his hills, or the farmer to his fields. The more rapid accumulation of capital, however, in the one state of society than in the other, renders the habits of its people less fixed, and their abode less stationary. Such must tend to weaken local attachments, and relax the warmer feelings which their identity with country awakens. Perhaps in the progress of intelligence, this instinctive love of country may be exchanged for principles of action, and dictates of duty, founded on utility, which lead us to promote the interest of our country, because that country is *ours*, and to sacrifice largely in its behalf, because our personal reputation, as well as the national security, demand it at our hands. The love of country in that state of society, will be a good deal measured by the freedom of its government, the justice of its laws, and the impartiality of their administration.

The government of the Pays de Vaud has recently disgraced its character by the publication

of several decrees, having for their object the prohibition of certain religious tenets, and the punishment of their professors. But, with an ambiguity worthy of the worst species of tyranny, this enlightened and humane republican government has thought proper to omit the definition of the offence it prohibits. In the decree heresies are only vaguely denounced, and their expounders threatened. Its conduct too, has far exceeded the bounds of speculative intolerance. Individuals have been arrested, tried, and condemned for the contravention of this unwarrantable and atrocious law. Thus have the worst features of an age of superstition and cruelty been again moulded into form; and thus do unwise rulers once more attempt to fetter opinion by restraint, and to check its expression by punishment. One would have thought that the days of persecution had gone past, or at least that their vindictive ensigns would not have been first displayed in the free cantons of Switzerland. It is needless to repeat here the different instances of persecution which have occurred, as these have been detailed in a little work recently published. Suffice it to say that the measures that have been adopted, as has always happened, have only tended to exasperate the enmity of the oppressed, to aggravate the hostility of the oppressor, to embitter the peace of society, and to more strongly prepossess in favour of the op-

ions denounced, and the victims condemned; nd of course to increase the number of proselytes by whom such opinions are adopted. The xperience of ages has been here utterly thrown way. Truth is not to be extracted from the dogmas of intolerance, nor conformity of religious belief established through the medium of penal laws and arbitrary inflictions. It is o be sought for elsewhere. We are told to seek and we shall *find*;" but we are not anthorized to condemn without enquiry; or to punish, if enquiry prove vain, those who have reaped its fruits. Reason is the weapon by which error can alone be successfully exposed. Any other implies the worthlessness of the cause which is so supported. y this test let the government of Lausanne be tried. If not, let the experience of history decide upon their wisdom, and no man will gainsay the truth of the former proposition.

Many English reside at Lausanne. Living is cheap, and society good. The respectable families take in boarders, and a residence with them is a sure passport to good society. All know that the historian Gibbon lived a portion of his earlier, and passed the evening of his days at Lausanne. Kemble the tragedian died here three ears ago.

The female peasantry of this canton wear a ad-brimmed straw hat. A knob is placed in entre. The gown is plainly fashioned, with

close sleeves extending below the elbows. reaches to the ankle, and is open at the bosom over which a cotton or a silk handkerchief i thrown. A short apron completes the costume

The following morning we proceeded on ou journey. The weather was delightful, the lak unruffled, and its surface tinged with a thousan hues. The country inclined gently to its bank The mountains of Jura marked the confines o Switzerland on the right; the Alps of Savo bounded the prospect on the left. As we advan ced, the mountains on the opposite side graduall ly smoothed down to hills of less rugged eleva tions. Their ridges rose in gentler curves. The sides gracefully swept down towards the lak Mont Blanc reared his hoary crest from behin Thin white clouds veil a small portion of his sur face. These gradually twirl into the blue sky, and fade away in the distant horizon. The sun beam gleams on the snowy sides of the mountain, and lights as with a silver flame the vast expans We reached Morges, a neat small town situated on a beautiful bay of the lake, in good time for breakfast. I remarked here the remains of a house, which appeared to have been recently destroyed by fire. In almost all the other ca tons through which we had passed, the us insignia of insurance were fixed upon the wa Here no such marks of security were observa A judicious law, however, affords security tc

householder against the risks of fire, at a more economical rate than the ordinary premium of insurance with a public office could afford. All the householders of the canton mutually assure each other against the risk of fire. No premium of insurance is exacted; but in the event of any house being burned, the proprietors of houses in the same districts, according to an estimated valuation, are rated for their proportion of the injury sustained.

After breakfast we went on to Rolle, passed the famed chateau of M. Neckar, more celebrated as having been the recent abode of Madame de Stael. The country becomes richer and more varied as we approached Geneva. The lake narrows—its shores abound in villas, in green lawns, and thick plantations. We reached the barrier, and I once more found myself within the walls of the far-famed Geneva.

So much has been said and written about this celebrated town, that it becomes almost impossible to communicate what is not already known, or indeed to state what has not been by many already seen. It is more like an English colony than a Swiss town. We got comfortably accommodated at the Couronne; and dined at the Table Hote at half-past four, where we had the satisfaction of meeting about thirty of our countrymen and countrywomen. We remained a fortnight

at Geneva, and encountered daily at the Table d'Hote about the same proportion of English, not of course the same individuals, but a succession of company, as they came or went in their ingress to, or egress from the land of the mountains. The company of an occasional party of foreigners sometimes varied this national assemblage. It was upon the whole an agreeable scene, and presented a spectacle which neither Geneva, nor any other continental town, could ten years before have exhibited. I mean, unacquainted English disposed to associate with each other at the same board, and to contribute to their mutual entertainment.

Geneva is partly situated upon rising ground overhanging the lake, and partly on the low ground upon its banks. The lower part of the town is intersected by the "blue arrowy Rhone," happily so called by Lord Byron, as its azure flood sweeps through the town with an ethereal and majestic velocity. Four bridges connect different parts of the town. The streets are narrow—the houses high, and irregularly built. Many of the inhabitants live in flats as in Edinburgh, the wealthier only occupying a complete lodging. The walls are yet kept in a state repair, and the gates are still strictly guarde The drawbridges are raised every night at elev and after that hour neither departure nor adi sion is allowed. The policy of dismantlin

preserving the fortifications of the city, has, for the last ten years, furnished a fertile theme for the grave deliberations of the senate, and the warmer discussions of the people. These ramparts are commanded by a neighbouring rising ground. The town, therefore, becomes indefensible against a besieging army. The preservation of its walls is only to be vindicated, because these walls were the bulwarks of their ancestors. And surely no Englishman can condemn the use of an argument so successfully employed in the depository of the "collective wisdom" of our own country, when some rash innovator presumes, with unhallowed hands, to pull down that which is acknowledged to be useless, or to abolish that which is admitted to be extravagant. The wisdom of our ancestors is not to be questioned. *Stat fortuna domus.* Such bulwarks were useful in their generation, and though not practically available now, are so incorporated with the institutions of the country, that they cannot be safely put down or removed. The ramparts of Geneva are acknowledged to be worse than useless, because their maintenance leads to the profitless expenditure of the public money; but …a wise man will affirm, that, if the rash spe- …tions of the demagogue be realized, the raz- of the ramparts would not be followed by demolition of the whole town? Ramparts …ade of stone, and so are houses, and the

destruction of the one would doubtless soon occasion the downfal of the other.

The population of Geneva amounts to about 20,000; the canton of which it is the capital to 41,700. The town is supplied with water from the Rhone, raised by an engine to the level of the streets, whence it is conveyed to different fountains in the town. The people are sober in their habits—remarkably civil in their demeanour—are in general decently attired—and appear universally occupied. No strolling gentry, or supplicating vagrants, are to be seen. Begging being strictly prohibited, that common nuisance to strangers, the tattered mendicant, never begs with his importunity, nor disgusts by his look of squalid wretchedness. The poor of almost all the cantons of Switzerland are supported from a fund established in each district of the country, to which every individual must contribute before he be entitled to claim the privileges of a burgher. A donation to this fund, of itself confers the rights of burgher upon the donor, and ever afterwards entitles him to relief in the season of distress. If, from general calamity, or other unforeseen causes, the amount of the fund be inadequate to supply the claims upon it, an assessm[ent] is imposed upon the burghers at large, to [the] extent of the additional sum required. T[hose] who are not burghers amount to few. [They,] when poor, have no claim upon the co[mmon fund]

fund, but can only obtain relief from the charitable and humane.

The Genevese are of a gay and social turn. No dinner parties are given, but they associate much with one another in the evening. I allude however, more to my acquaintance formerly with them, than now. They drink tea with each other. The elders of the party engage in cards or converse. They play, however, more for amusement than money, as gambling is universally discountenanced and shunned. The young people dance or play at charades. This game may be shortly described. The company divide into two parties. One remains, and the other retires. The latter among themselves settle upon some word, the syllables of which being disjoined, represent of themselves a certain trade, town, or thing, or, it may be, are associated with a certain event. Those in detail are personated, or explained away by word or action, by the incoming or *dramatic* party. After this syllabic drama, the vocation which the whole word represents is finally enacted. For example, take the word *Bibliothécaire*, (librarian,) the acting party for the first two syllables, *Bibl*, take some story from Scripture; for *io*, the story of the goddess Io; for the next, *thé*, they represent venders of tea; and for the last, *caire*, slave merchant selling his fair Circassians at and Cairo. The whole finishes with the Bibliothécaire, or librarian, taking in or giving out

his books to his customers. There is afforded considerable play for the fancy and ingenuity on both sides.

A sumptuary law is still in force, prohibiting dancing at a later hour than twelve at night. If the lively and the gay disregard the midnight knell, the police hesitate not to remind them of it, and in a summary enough manner, proceed to finish the night's entertainment, by dismissing the musicians and extinguishing the candles. The strict enforcement of the law, however, without regard to persons, prevents its frequent violation. At the period of the restoration of the independence of Geneva in 1814, another sumptuary law was revived. The citizens of Geneva were prohibited from using carriages within the city walls. Thus the most opulent of the citizens, upon their arrival at the gates from their villas, were obliged to descend from their vehicles, and in the most unfavourable state of the weather walk along the dirty streets to their respective habitations. The recent revival of their political rights, gave a zest to this sort of republican simplicity at the time; but as freedom continued to be enjoyed, they ceased to appreciate this involuntary, or rather compulsory use of their limbs. I know not whether the law be repealed; but it is substantially disregarded, and the citizens drive about indifferently with strangers through the streets of the town. The S

tish fashion, however, of going out to tea preceded by the "lass and the lanthorn" is universal, and even a Genevese Bailie Jarvie, lighted by his Mattie, in the dark November nights, is no uncommon spectacle to encounter.

Ten years ago, the Genevese of both sexes were extremely warm and violent politicians. The ladies in particular argued with a degree of ardour and of acrimony, that would almost have put into the shade the animation of an English county meeting, or the intemperance of a Scotch General Assembly. Nor did they confine their political dissertations to the measures or policy of their little state, but, in the comprehensive ardour of their philanthropy, embraced the international relations and domestic economy of every European country, from the North Cape to the pillars of Hercules. And the circumstance which appeared to me the most unaccountable and extraordinary was, that these sturdy republican fair were in general the most violent advocates for legitimacy, and the divine right of kings. I do remember at that time an intelligent Russian lady, the mistress of Serfs, and the slave of the autocrat, who, day after day, maintained, with ...ular talent and zeal, doctrines of totally an...site character from the maxims of passive ...ence, and the defence of absolute power, ...ed by her fair Genevese antagonists. It

was amusing to behold the mutual sincerity wi which they warmly advocated conflicting op nions, and the singular ingenuity with wh their respective doctrines were supported. A home, perhaps, one would not have relished th sibyl-like vehemence of the fair politicians; bu as they spoke in a different language from ours, s the scene was novel, and accorded with nation custom, and, as it awakened new associations, i tended more to amuse than to annoy. But no the political ardour of all parties is somewha qualified, by the continued enjoyment of thei political rights, which at that time had been s recently restored. The conduct of the royal re presentatives of legitimacy themselves has some what quenched the ardour of their advocates, and the errors of the constitutionalists of Italy and Spain have a little diminished the vehemence o popular admiration, and a good deal allayed th spirit of Genevese radicalism.

The constitution of Geneva is essentially po pular. Every citizen who contributes fifte francs, in direct taxes, to the state, is qualifi to vote for the members of the general counc This body consists of two hundred and eight members; and the vacancies which death o occasion are from time to time filled up by electing citizens. The council nominates senate of twenty-eight members, who, wit

four syndics, compose the executive government. The civil and the criminal judges are also appointed by the great council.

When in Geneva in 1816, the criminal trials were conducted in private. The good sense of the government became convinced that this mode of conducting the proceedings of the criminal courts was an essential violation of the principles of justice, and accordingly the administration of justice is now, as in our own country, publicly conducted. An indictment is served upon the prisoner three weeks before the day of trial. It is read at the commencement of the proceedings. The prisoner is then examined by the presiding judge. The witnesses for the prosecution are next in succession examined apart. The prisoner or his counsel cross-examines them. The exculpatory evidence is then adduced. There is no jury, and in consequence the attorney-general addresses the bench, and is followed by the counsel for the prisoner. The judges then retire to deliberate upon the case, and upon their return deliver the opinion of the court, through the medium of the presiding judge, upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. It will not fail to be narked, that there is a great resemblance been the mode of conducting criminal trials at eva and in Scotland. Naturally partial to rms of our own criminal procedure, I canelp thinking that a perfect assimilation to

the Scottish form would greatly improve the ad-ministration of criminal justice at Geneva. The examination of the prisoner by the presiden compels a man to convict himself, and make the judge in a manner a party to the cause, b imposing upon him the duty of a prosecuti counsel. The absence of a jury affords the pr soner no security against corrupt or parti judges, and the deliberation of these judges private gives facility to the formation of an in quitous judgment to the injury of the accuse and the violation of the law.

I visited one of the principal hospitals at Ge neva. It was partly intended for the mainten ance of the poor, and partly for the relief of the sick. The wards were spacious, neat, clean, and well aired. The beds lined the apartments, the heads of them being placed against the wall They were separated from each other by an in terval of six or eight feet. They were of toler able dimensions, and their furniture of a goo and substantial quality. Nurses tended the sid of the different apartments, and the physicia and surgeons of Geneva, in rotation, attend the patients in the hospital. I was told th this hospital was partly maintained by volunt subscription, and partly by the government. officers of the establishment, however, are ject to the control of the public, a commit

the subscribers being annually appointed by the whole body to inquire into their conduct, and to examine their accounts.

The dining hall of the poor is large and well arranged. They are fed upon an animal and vegetable diet, and appear to live most substantially, as well as merrily, judging from their looks.

The lunatic asylum is built upon the edge of the public promenade, near the higher part of the town. It is most unsuitably situated. The poor lunatics are seen at the windows in the most grotesque dresses. Their obstreperous mirth and loud extravagancies are heard by the passenger as he walks along. Such scenes are painful to witness. Such noises are revolting to hear. The situation of this asylum too proves most unfavourable to the condition of the unhappy patients themselves. Quiet and retirement are most conducive to their recovery —noise and publicity to the confirmation of their malady. Their view of the public promenade, often crowded with people, always occupied by some loungers, can only produce excitement, increase perturbation of mind, and aggravate ir disorder. In England these things are ter managed. It was long ere the abuses of h receptacles were detected, long ere the evering voice of humanity wrought upon the lature. But, at last, happily for those who

could not protect themselves, an act of the British parliament confirmed the suggestions of benevolence. The Genevese only require to know better, to be induced to apply the correcting hand to the prevailing evil. They are a humane people, and let them only consider that gentle treatment and seclusion from public observation are the best remedies for the unhappy disease, and they will not fail to do what the interests of these poor maniacs require.

Calvin, as is known to all, was the principal advocate of the reformation in 1538. He was a man of singular intrepidity, acuteness, and intelligence, but, in some parts of his career, belied the religion he professed, and the doctrines he expounded, by the bitterness with which he assailed, and the implacable rancour with which he persecuted his opponents. Let the fate of the murdered Servetus, and the persecution of the mild Bolsec, attest the ferocity of his nature, and the relentless violence of his hate. The intolerance of the age was no apology; for a man who had strength of mind to achieve the reformation must have had sagacity to discover that the Christian system was one of benevolence, not of cruelty—one of forbearance, not of persecution. T was, in the acts to which I have referred, of co blinded by passion, not enlightened by rea or chastened by Christian benevolence. conduct in such a man is totally indefen

Yet he did much for the reformation, and much for the Genevese church. He disregarded worldly wealth, and aimed at temporal authority only as it furnished the means of propagating his doctrines, and establishing the reformation. The instruments he employed to promote these ends were most objectionable, and in the result unfortunately failed to secure a general conformity of religious belief. The doctrines of election, of the trinity, and of grace, produced endless discussions and universal irritation, and latterly the Genevese church prohibited their examination; and thus by their canons, as a Christian church, became guilty of the contradiction of imposing their belief, and forbidding the discussion of their authenticity. If they believed these doctrines they might have defied examination. If they did not, they ought to have expunged them from their creed. As it was, their equivocating conduct, for a time at least, produced the desired effect, reconciled differences, and restored universal tranquillity. M. Malan, however, one of the ministers of their church, recently presumed to think otherwise than themselves, and dared to declare, that the foundations of their religious ·th might be examined without detriment to ·e general belief of the doctrines they embraced ·l also maintained, that the means of salvation ·ld alone be appreciated by inquiring into the ·se of its operation, and that without such

inquiry its effect could never be insured. Thus a schism in the church was produced, if schism it might be called—an acknowledged adherence to the tenets of its founder, on the part of the alleged schismatic. The situation of M. Malan, however, became disagreeable; and he was in consequence induced to leave the country. He went to England, where he remained for some time, but afterwards returned to Geneva. He was refused re-admission into the Genevese church, the doctrines of which it was alleged he had renounced. He built, by subscription, a chapel beyond the city walls, where he regularly preaches the doctrines of his faith, and is attended by a respectable though not by a numerous congregation.

As is the case in all religious differences, much mutual animosity has been kindled, and much mutual abuse exchanged. In such matters, it is difficult to pronounce an opinion upon the merits of either party; the doctrine of a church being susceptible of such various interpretations. If, however, the doctrine of original sin, of the trinity, of predestination, of justification by faith, be incorporated with the belief of the Genevese church, (and I have yet to learn that they are not,) then Mr. Malan must be regarded as a persecuted man, and as the uncompromising a consistent advocate of the doctrines of his chur[ch.] If these doctrines have been repudiated by

arch, then Mr. Malan's exclusion from it can-t be condemned. Be that as it may, I went o or three times to hear him preach. He is man apparently about forty years of age, of a agre form, and a pale complexion. He was idently in bad health, and only ventured from ne to discharge the duties of his solemn vo-tion. His manner was earnest and impressive; style simple and unaffected. His discourses re more marked by good sense, sincerity, and votion, than by any of the peculiar attributes ich belong to genius or to eloquence. The n current of his thoughts was seldom sprink-d with lofty conceptions, bold and nervous lan-ge, or high wrought figurative allusions. The neliness of his style assimilated well with the plicity of his thoughts; and both seemed well pted to produce a practical and lasting in-nce over the minds of those whom he ad-ssed. Though his imagination may not sud-y dazzle by the abruptness of its flights, or splendour of its images, yet the unostentatious plicity of his allusions, and the aptness of his stration, gave an interest to his discourse, and effect to his delivery, which greater vigour ought or copiousness of fancy could have ly increased. Every other turn of thought very new idea, were illustrated besides by ral quotations. This reminded his audi- the source from which they were derived,

impressed on their minds, that he imparted not the doctrines of man, but those of revelation. It were well that all ministers of the Gospel attempted as closely to imitate the pure and simple language in which the doctrines of Christianity are taught. These expounders of its principles are not exclusively required to reform or to amend the learned or intelligent, but to instruct and to improve the simple and the ignorant. The language of Scripture, because adapted to the capacities of all, is the standard of style which ought to be followed. The nearer that clergymen approach to its nervous simplicity and perspicuous force, the greater influence they will acquire, and the more useful they will prove. The beauties of modern style, and the elegancies of diction are certainly not to be rejected; but it ought to be remembered, that the purest models in our own language, as well as in the French are alike distinguished for a combination of correct thought and simple expression.

In the course of the morning service M. Malan examined some of the children belonging to his congregation upon the doctrines contained in different passages of Scripture. In general they answered with promptitude and accuracy, with great facility referred to the parallel sages in Scripture where the same doctrine embodied. At first I thought this mode ceeding unsuited to the dignity of the pul

unadapted to the solemnity of the occasion; but he curiosity it excited, and the interest it awakned, finally produced a different impression. n the first place, it identified the young persons f the congregation with their pastor. It gave hem a specific share in the solemn service of the Sabbath. As mere elements of the congregation, heir attention could neither be sufficiently roused ior their interest kept up by the general service f the day. It obliged them to study their Bible, nd so enabled them afterwards to comprehend he doctrines which they heard. Those advanced n life too, derived advantage from the mode of xamination. It induced them to consider the octrines of their faith, and the internal evidence f its authenticity which the Scripture revealed. t did this in the most attractive manner, not hrough the didactic illustrations, nor the tedious xpositions of a long discourse, but by the simple nd interesting effort of a child, responding to ie paternal address of his pastor, and announcng to him the doctrines of Scripture, and the roofs of their truth. Besides, all parents feel ie most intense interest in the progress and improvement of their children. One thoughtless r indifferent to the truths of Christianity, may ve his attention thus directed to their consideon through the strong instinct of natural afon; and he who has already admitted their ence upon his mind, will hail with delight

the corresponding impression which this mode of tuition may effectually produce upon the ductile minds of the rising generation.

I had an opportunity, when at Geneva, of seeing a letter from a young French clergyman of the Protestant church, the contents of which showed, that as great differences of opinion concerning the doctrines of Christianity and their application by the professors of Calvin's creed prevailed in France as in that town. It also lamentably proved, that though in Geneva doctrines at variance with those generally recognised and taught by the great body of the clergymen might be there with impunity proclaimed; yet that in France they could not be uttered or maintained without furious opposition, and without personal risk or injury to those by whom they were expounded. The gentleman to whom the letter was addressed purposed its publication. This an accident prevented at the time; so I will be justified at least in stating its contents, without mentioning names, place, or date.

The young man in question had been educated for the French church. From his own account, he had not seriously considered the nature and character of the office he was about to undertake; had not sufficiently examined or duly appreciated the doctrines he was bound to uphold; and the serious responsibility his sacred vocation imposed. The ordinary course of

academical education and theological studies being completed, he obtained a living; but wishing to see some distant friends, and to visit different parts of his native country before his induction to the cure, he left home for these purposes. He met with a serious and intelligent friend in another part of France. This individual being of the same profession, they naturally discoursed upon religious matters, and more especially concerning the doctrines of their church. The latter being equally ardent, intelligent, and devout, in the course of time convinced the other of the erroneous nature of his opinions, of the necessity of admitting the fall of man, of acknowledging the doctrine of atonement, of the trinity, and of election, before he could lay any claim to the character of a Christian, or preach in conformity with the recognised doctrines of their church. After visiting some other portions of France, the young clergyman returned to the district in which his church was situated. Examination and reflection had confirmed his belief of the doctrines he had espoused. In the meanwhile, a day was fixed for his introduction to his sacred charge. All the clergymen of the department, as was customary, assembled. After the preliminary proceedings were over, the candidate was required to make the usual avowal of belief in the doctrines of the church. He did not, however, limit this to a tacit assent, in-

dicated by a mere declination of the head; but he boldly entered into an explanation of the opinions he entertained. The clergy and the congregation were no doubt somewhat startled at the novelty of the proceeding, but patiently listened until the candidate specifically announced his belief in the doctrine of the trinity, and his conviction that no man could be saved unless he admitted the divinity of Christ. At this moment the agitation became extreme. The clergy murmured and the people howled. As he discoursed, the scene became more tumultuous. Innovator, schismatic, fool, sounded from the benches of the clergy. Heretic, blasphemer, madman from the mass of the people. Their fury was no longer to be restrained. They rushed towards the place where he stood. His friends hastily hurried him from the church—and thus terminated this strange scene of discord, violence, and indecency. The clergy afterwards, in turns, attempted to convince the young man of his error. He listened patiently to all, answered all objections, at least to his own satisfaction, and in the end was more firmly convinced of the truth of his faith than before. The clergy, no doubt, were dissatisfied—still they treated him with kindliness and courtesy—deemed him more an object of compassion than sentment. Their policy was to effect a unit profession. This conciliation could alone

note. Hence reproof and abuse were to be equally shunned. The wrath of the people, however, did not so easily subside. The young man's peace was not only frequently disturbed by their violence, but his life endangered by their fury. He was, in consequence, obliged to leave the neighbourhood, and is now residing in another part of France. These facts speak for themselves. They show how the doctrines of a church may be compromised by their nominal professors. They show how a shallow expediency, founded upon indolence, if not in a more unjustifiable cause, defeats the object of the best rules, and stultifies the influence of the most salutary principles:—This regards the clergy. They show not only how ignorance warps the mind; but how it contributes to inflame the passions. They show the universal effect of their ignorance in the expression of popular clamour, and in the production of atrocious cruelty and injustice:—that regards the people. I might give names, date, and place, in corroboration of the truth of the preceding detail. But as such might possibly be productive of injury and inconvenience to the individual whom they concern, they must be suppressed.

As in every other canton, the government of ...eva takes a great interest in the education of ...eople. The children of the rich are educat... the college, or at the academy of literature;

those of the poor at schools kept up by the government. We, of course, went to Ferney, and inspected Voltaire's Chateau. It is, as it was ten years ago, and as it has been a thousand times described. I think that Madame de Genlis' portrait is the last of its interior economy—of the habits of its master—of his tone of thought—style of conversation—and character of expression. It has not tended to alter the general opinion entertained of this modern Diogenes, miscalled the philosopher of Ferney. We were accompanied thither by some of our Genevese friends. I partook not of their enthusiasm as they gazed at the apartments which were once inhabited by this clever but unamiable man. His genius may be remembered, but his character can never be esteemed. His works may amuse, I fear they will fail to improve. He seems to have condemned one subject without examination—to have written upon many without thorough information; but to have enlivened all by the sparklings of his wit and the vivacity of his genius. His impious sneers on one none will vindicate—the testiness of his temper none will admire—and the selfishness of his nature all will condemn.

We had seen, in other parts of Switzerla foreign recruiting parties, enlisting the yo men into the service of their respective go ments. At Fluelen, upon the lake of Luc

we saw a numerous body of handsome young men, under the command of a Neapolitan officer, debark and march off. It is melancholy to think that the citizens of free Switzerland are thus converted into the instruments of despotic power. A contract is mutually subscribed between the stipulating governments, authorizing enlistment on the one hand, and promising an equivalent in money on the other. Thus, the Swiss cantons, like some of the German princes, barter their citizens for *money*. To the honour of Geneva, however, the law strictly prohibits enlistment into foreign service, and the government never negotiates an equivalent in money for the privilege of permitting foreign princes to supply their armies from her citizens.

We did not bid adieu to Switzerland without visiting the far-famed valley of Chamouni. The route to this beautiful and romantic vale has been too often described to bear repetition. Suffice it to say, that we passed through villages—crossed green lawns—skirted the mountain streams—gazed on the falling cataracts spinning their currents, as it were, into thin air—saw the marbled clouds whirling across the summits of the peaked mountains, or lightening the surface of the deep precipice—looked sometimes on the woodland hills—sometimes on their bleak and rocky castellated forms—at one time explored the furrows of the mountain—marked the rippling

stream, or the fringed cascade, or the gushing channel fractured in its course, and foaming in its fall—at another wound up the rugged ascent and gazed upon the sweet luxuriance of the lower vale. Then from a point the object of our toils is at last disclosed.

Is this Chamouni's valley of the wild
On which I gaze, from whence that glittering pile
Translucent as the stream is now beheld,
And which, upraised in mockery, seems to smile
Upon the summer's sun? Canst thou beguile
Our senses? Thour't not illusion's dream,
But the redundant offspring of the Alp,
Nursed in the lap of winter.—Furrows seem
To mark thy issue from the parent scalp:
And thou, the mighty monarch of the hills,
What scenes within thy bosom are disclos'd;
Here the iced sea in solemn grandeur stills
All motion. There rocked pinnacles disposed
In peering attitudes, proudly reposed
Amid incumbent ether.—Soundless rents,
Formed by ribbed icy waves, refract the light,
And in their vivid hues and edged bents
Contrast day's gleam with the dark shades of night.
Land of the mountains, farewell to thy shades,
Farewell thy smiling fields and limpid lakes,
Thy snow-clad summits and thy verdant glades.
Farewell to all.

FINIS.

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